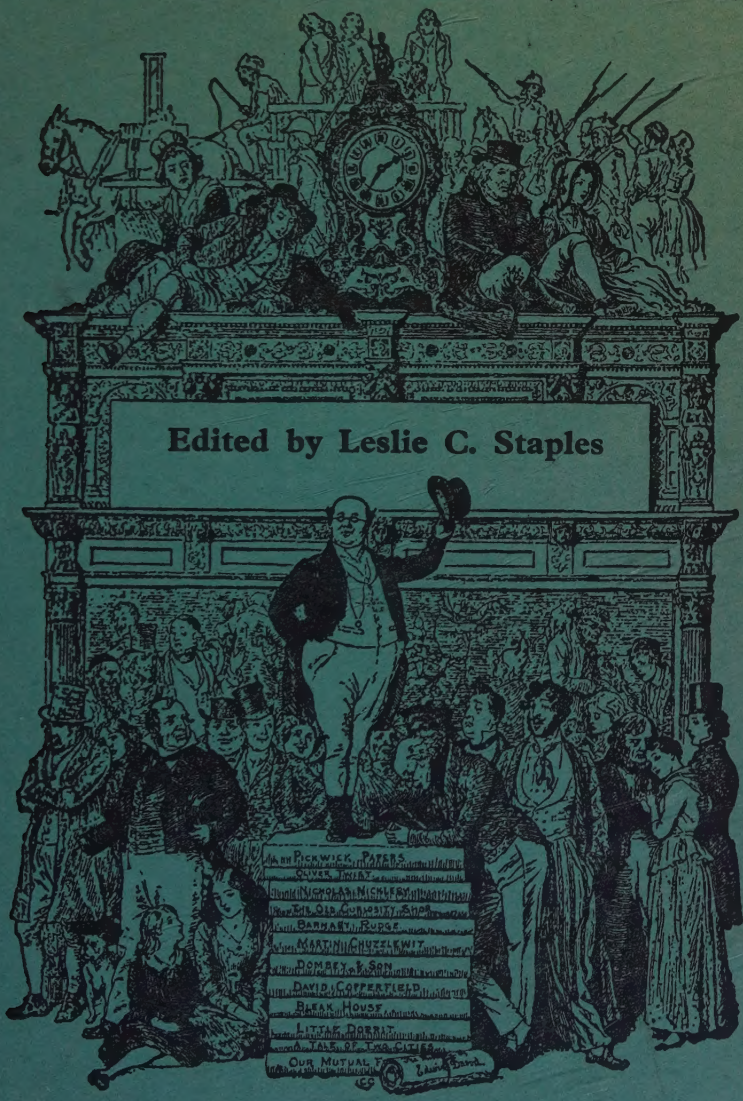
Vol. LVI,
Part I

WINTER NUMBER
Published January, 1960

No. 330

THE DICKENSIAN



Published by THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

Published January, May and September.

Price 4*s*. Annual Subscriptions 12*s*. 6*d*. post free.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
When Found—	3
Presidential Address. Margaret Lane	4
Charles Dickens, Dramatic Critic. W. J. Carlton	11
Ellen Ternan. L.C.S.	28
Rosa Dartle and Mrs. Brown. Margaret Cardwell	29
Gamaliel Bradford and Dickens. R. Lawrence Capon ...	34
Watts Phillips—a Note. M.M.	40
The Theatrical Ternans. Malcolm Morley	41
A Children's *Life of Dickens*. N. C. Peyrouton	46
Dickens and the Naming of Sam Weller. Harry Stone ...	47
Dickens and *The Man in the Moon*. Mary Edminson	50
Recent Dickensiana	59
Dickens in Denmark. J. Greaves	60
Dickens Fellowship...	62
The Dickensian, Accounts for 1958	64

WALTER T. SPENCER

(M. E. SPENCER)

27 New Oxford Street,

ESTABLISHED 1884 **London, W.C.1**

Cable and Telegraphic Address: "PHIZ, WESTCENT, LONDON."

Telephone: HOLBORN 3936

First Editions of the Works of Charles Dickens, including Presentation Copies; also Manuscripts, Autograph Letters for Sale

BROADSTAIRS ANNUAL DICKENS FESTIVAL
1960
JUNE, 14th to 18th inclusive
Organised by the Broadstairs Branch of the Dickens Fellowship.
DICKENS PLAY "BLEAK HOUSE"
Adapted by GLADYS WATERER. From the novel by Charles Dickens.
Walking Tour of Old Broadstairs. Dickensian Garden Party and Costume Parade.
Conducted Coach Tour. Talk "Dickens in Broadstairs," Etc.
Further particulars of the Festival may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Broadstairs Branch, Dickens Fellowship, Dickens House, Broadstairs.
Please send a stamped addressed envelope.

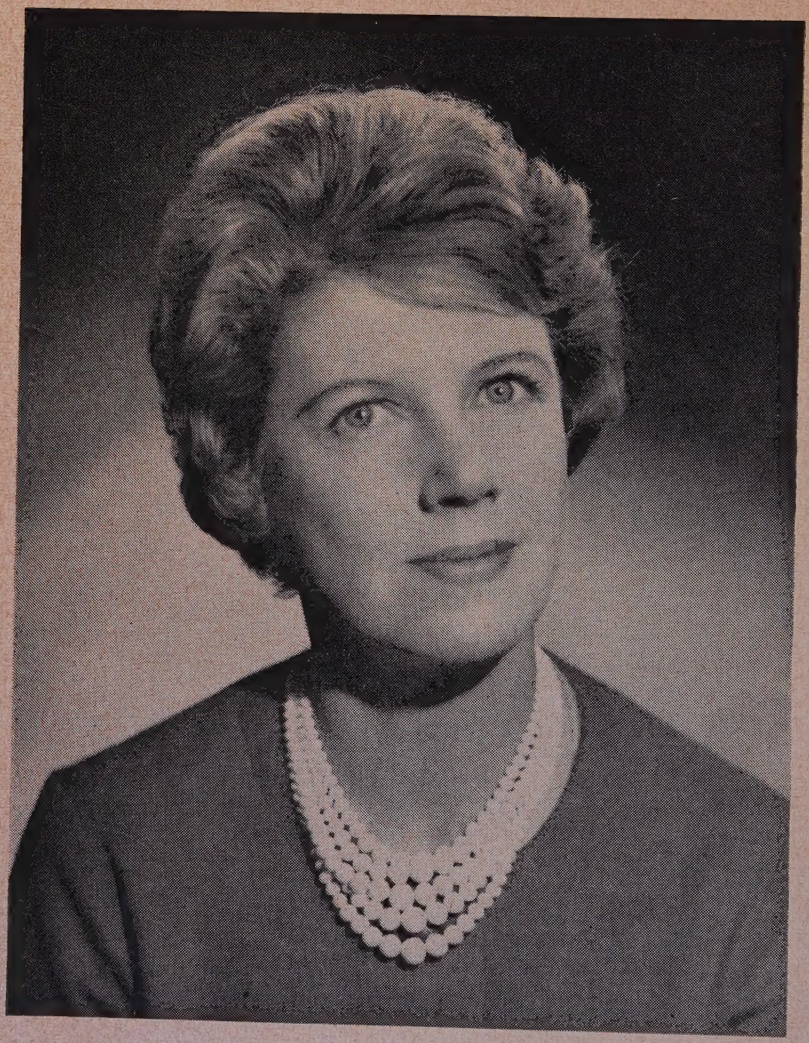
THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP
ANNUAL CONFERENCE
MAY, 20th-23rd, 1960
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA
details from
Hon. Secretary: Mrs. M. Withers, 20 Lime Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS
By WALTER DEXTER
profusely illustrated **3s. 6d.** postage extra

THE HUMOUR OF CHARLES DICKENS
edited by R. J. CRUIKSHANK
illustrated by the leading cartoonists **3s. 6d.** postage extra

From THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

THE DICKENSIAN
Volume for 1959 ready shortly, 21*s.*
Other recent volumes, 21*s.*
Prices of earlier volumes on application.
Index 1959, 3*s.* Binding cases, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Subscriber's parts bound, with index, 10*s.* 6*d.*



Portrait by] [*Vivienne*

MARGARET LANE
(Countess of Huntingdon)

Authoress and Journalist

President of the Dickens Fellowship

THE DICKENSIAN

WINTER NUMBER

VOL. LVI. JANUARY, 1960 No. 330

WHEN FOUND—

In London Members in London celebrated Christmas in joyous fashion by joining forces with the Sherlock Holmes Society and debating whether *The Blue Carbuncle* or *A Christmas Carol* was the better Christmas story. Mr. William McGowan lead for the Conan Doyle story and Mr. T. S. Blakeney for Dickens. Members of both societies contributed lively speeches, no holds barred, and the meeting was a great success. The meeting for December took the form of a more serious debate on *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* by a quartet of well-known novelists and broadcasters, Miss Christianna Brand, Messrs. Frederick Bradnum, D. L. Murray and Julian Symons with Miss Mollie Greenhalgh of the B.B.C. in the chair. Opinions on how Dickens would have concluded the story were as various as ever, Miss Brand contributing a highly original theory in her own delightful fashion. But the *Mystery* remains a mystery, as it is ever likely to do.

* * * * *

The Gads Hill châlet Cobham Hall has been purchased by the Office of Works, and with it the famous châlet which Dickens used as a summer study at Gads Hill The fate of both is yet in the balance but, as will be gathered from the President's Address on another page, there is every hope that the châlet will be permanently preserved on a suitable site.

* * * * *

Proof reading In spite of every vigilance by the editor and his faithful readers, errors slip by. A recent representation of the *Britannia* leaving harbour in 1842 with Dickens aboard was stated to have taken place at Portsmouth while Liverpool was correctly given in the text. Readers have written pointing out that the name of Dickens's godfather Huffam was incorrectly spelt Huffham. We ask our readers' indulgence. We will try to do better in future.

* * * * *

Dickens House After the wanton destruction of Dickens's old home at Devonshire Terrace it is comforting to report that a whole section of Doughty Street, including the Dickens House, has been afforded protection from demolition by the authorities.

* * * * *

A new exhibit We are again indebted to our Life President, Mr. Henry C. Dickens: this time for the loan of Dickens's court suit, which may now be seen at Doughty Street, together with a note in the hand of Georgina Hogarth, to the effect that the suit was worn at a levee held at St. James's Palace, on behalf of the Queen, by the Prince of Wales.

LESLIE C. STAPLES

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

By Margaret Lane

Staple Inn Hall, October 7th, 1059

Ladies and Gentlemen.

This is a tremendous occasion for me. I almost despair of being able to tell you how strange it seems to me to be here

Staple Inn. Holborn.

tonight—not with the Dickens Fellowship, for with them I feel very much at home—but here in the place of honour, instead of sitting to listen in some other part of the hall. It's really the climax of a series of happy accidents (for I do feel the situation needs explaining) which began rather more than a year ago, when I was taking part in The Critics programme on the B.B.C. and we were discussing a book about Dickens. I imagine I must have *come out strong* on the right side, for the next thing was that I

was honoured by being asked to speak at the Birthday Dinner. This flattered me a great deal, but it frightened me even more, for although I'm used to broadcasting and indeed enjoy it, I become very timid if I can *see* the audience, and for this reason I've always avoided any sort of public or after-dinner speaking.

However, since Dickens has always been one of the great comforts and enrichments of my life, it really did seem as though a friendly voice from the grave were saying, "Go on; it's all right; you do it." So I said to your Secretary, as he may remember, "I'll do this for Charles Dickens, but I couldn't do it for anybody else." Well, I did it, and it proved—for me—a most heart-warming and delightful evening. The next astonishing thing was that I was asked if I would stand for the office of President of the Fellowship, after the retirement of your very distinguished President, the Dean of St. Paul's. Of course, nobody realised more clearly than I did how altogether out of my sphere this honour was, how altogether unsuitable. But just as I was thinking how I could gratefully refuse, again it seemed as though a friendly voice said, "Go on; this is what it has all been leading up to, ever since you were a child." So I very diffidently accepted the tremendous honour, and here I am. And in a strange way, in spite of all the diffidence I feel, I do also feel very much at home among you. It's rather as though one were the least significant member of a very large and very delightful family, and suddenly, at a grand party, found oneself promoted to the head of the table.

Now that I *am* so surprisingly here, in the chair which has been occupied by so many distinguished men, I would like first of all to thank the Institute of Actuaries for their great kindness in letting us have this meeting here to-night, in their beautiful hall of Staple Inn. Nowhere could be more congenial for a meeting devoted to the discussion of the works of Charles Dickens, for as you remember it was in Staple Inn that Mr. Grewgious had his angular existence, and it was round windows in Staple Inn that Mr. Tartar grew his runner beans. So I hope there are some actuaries of Staple Inn with us to-night, for I know how very warmly you would wish me to thank them.

I believe it's customary on these occasions for a new President to try and tell you some of his thoughts and experiences connected with the works of Charles Dickens. At the Birthday Dinner I confessed to you how I first made my discovery of Dickens as a child, and what a tremendous experience it was for me. To-night I should like to give you some idea of how I have been going on since then.

Without any doubt, if I were asked what was the chief thing that the constant reading of Dickens's works has done for me, I should say that it had brought about an extension of experience. Dickens opens one's eyes and ears to the world. His basic gift, on which all his other wonderful gifts are founded, was for seeing the extraordinariness of ordinary people and ordinary life. In part this is a dramatic, in part an aesthetic sense. It perceives the drama of atmosphere—the fog, for instance, at the beginning of *Bleak House*; or the murky, sinister night river in *Our Mutual*

Friend; or the precise, dry, difficult and tortuous atmosphere of law offices and law courts; or the teeming, sordid, and extraordinarily vital atmosphere of the London underworld. Once we have seen these things through Dickens's eyes our own imagination is awakened and extended, and ordinary things—rain in the Lincolnshire fens, or a steak and kidney pudding—never seem quite ordinary again.

I was very much struck, several years ago, in reading Aldous Huxley's account of his experiences after taking the drug mescalin. You will remember how he described the miraculous heightening of his perception of colours and shapes and textures: how extraordinary a thing a chair seemed to him when he looked at it; how marvellously alive and beautiful the petal of a flower; how grotesque, monstrous and ludicrous a modern American car, so that he burst out laughing in the street.

Now it seems to me that what Dickens had, in his natural being and without any aid from mescalin, was precisely this deep and brilliant power of perception which most people lack, or have only in a very tepid and shallow degree. But we all have it, to some extent, if we can be made to use it; and this is one of the things that Dickens has done for me. We all know how one simply ceases to see the things one lives with. We've all at some time bought a piece of furniture, or bought a picture and hung it on the wall, and at first we've seen and enjoyed it every time we come into the room. And then after a while one ceases to see it, and it stands in the room or hangs on the wall for years unnoticed. When I find this happening to me, my remedy is to hang the picture in a fresh place, or rearrange all the furniture in the room; and then I see that piece of furniture or that picture again, as a fresh and remarkable thing. It comes to life.

Now this is very much the effect, to me, of reading or re-reading any of the works of Dickens. I see London as I walk about in it with a fresh eye. I see my own home, and even the food on the table, as though my attention had never been called to them before. And, of course, this happens to one pre-eminently with people.

We've all had prosaic and unimaginative people say to us that Dickens is a pure fantasist, a caricaturist, who creates flat characters with no relation to real life. There's an element of truth in this, for the sense of fantasy is very strong in him. It's a sort of genius for underlining by exaggeration; and because of the exaggeration we are startled into seeing the thing for the first time, and perceiving the truth. It's another aspect of this basic gift for seeing the extraordinary nature of the ordinary, which ran right through Dickens's life, and was by no means confined only to his works, as anyone knows who has ever read his letters. There are descriptions in his most prosaic letters as arresting and illuminating as anything in his books—which is one of the reasons why I so long for that definitive edition of his letters which has already been so many years preparing.

Let me give you one example. This comes from a letter to Miss Burdett-Coutts in which he is simply reporting his inspection

of a slum area in the St. Mark's district of London, where she thought of financing a housing project.

"In one corner is a spot called Hickman's Folly (a folly it is much to be regretted that Hickman ever committed), which looks like the last hopeless climax of everything poor and filthy. There is a public house in it, with the odd sign of the Ship Aground, but it is wonderfully appropriate, for everything seems to have got aground there—never to be got off any more until the whole globe is stopped in its rolling and shivered. No more roads than in an American swamp—odious sheds for horses, and donkeys, and vagrants, and rubbish, in front of the parlour windows—wooden houses like horrible old packing cases full of fever for a countless number of years. In a broken-down gallery in the back of one of these, there was a wan child looking over at a starved old white horse who was making a meal of oyster shells. The sun was going down and flaring out like an angry fire at the child—and the child, and I, and the pale horse, stared at one another in silence for some five minutes as if we were so many figures in a dismal allegory. I went round to look at the front of the house, but the windows were all broken and the door was shut up as tight as anything so dismantled could be. Lord knows when anybody will go in to the child, but I suppose it's looking over still—with a little wiry head of hair, as pale as the horse, all sticking up on its head—and an old weazen face—and two bony hands holding on the rail of the gallery, with little fingers like convulsed skewers."

Now that is a description that has remained with me for years, and colours my view of any miserable neglected vacant lot anywhere.

In the same way of course we have all found, once Dickens's genius has needled our imagination, we feel his influence when we look at people. Don't you, quite often, see perfect Dickens characters in the street? The first time I had the pleasure of dining with this Fellowship I was startled and delighted to see no less a person than Mr. Wemmick at a near-by table, with his look of knowing intelligence, posting his dinner into his letter-box with the very greatest enjoyment. And only the other day, in Oxford, who should I see dashing down a narrow alley but Tommy Traddles, with his hair on end and the tails of his gown flying; and I was delighted to see that things were looking up for him, and that he had got to the University, though I daresay it had been rather a pull.

And names! How often one has heard people delighting in Dickens's choice of names, and then adding, "But of course—that's all part of his fantasy—people don't have such wonderfully apt names in real life." But don't they? I assure you that part of the affairs of my family were managed for years by a firm of solicitors called Wriggal and Faike; and recently, when I had occasion to call on the charming Curator of Reptiles at the London Zoo, in a transaction concerned with finding a home for my children's lizards, imagine my pleasure in discovering that his name is Mr. Landworm.

Isn't the truth, really, not that Dickens invented a fantastic world, as is sometimes claimed, but that he saw the real world with a more penetrating and abnormally heightened vision than the rest of us possess, and by the force of his poetic genius, and the painter's art of aesthetic exaggeration, was able to convey what he saw, so that we see it too?

It is this which makes Dickens such a universal and indestructible writer, who appeals to all sorts of people, and with undiminished force to successive generations. He doesn't date, or get out of touch with us, even though he died nearly a hundred years ago. They can make his works set books in schools, and that still doesn't poison him for the young. I must tell you about a delightful proof I had recently of the direct appeal he still makes to a fresh young mind. It was during our recent holidays this summer. While all sensible people were enjoying the long miraculous summer in England, we had gone to a vast amount of trouble to take our small boat down to the Mediterranean, hoping to have some reliable summer weather for once. Well, we had the weather that normally is reserved for England. It rained, and it blew, and there were gales, and heavy seas, and to crown it our boat was so damaged that we spent most of the holiday in various harbours undergoing repairs. We were pretty miserable, and during this time, when we couldn't sail, and it was raining and blowing, one of my children, who is fourteen, complained that she had read all the books she had brought with her, and could I lend her something to read? I hadn't got anything suitable, just two or three boring and specialised books that couldn't have interested her; but I also had, as a reserve, a copy of *Our Mutual Friend*, which I'd taken, as I always take some work of Dickens away with me, in case I ran out of reading. I told her I thought it was too old for her, and that she'd better wait a couple of years to appreciate it; but she insisted on having it, and retired into her bunk with it. After that, for the next few days, I was delighted to hear peal after peal of uninhibited laughter coming out of that quarter-berth, and whenever she tried to read me a special passage, we both began to laugh so much that she couldn't finish it. At other times, and for hours together, the silence in that quarter-berth was intense, as she lay absorbed in all the sombre and sinister parts of the book.

This gave me great delight, for nobody had told her about *Our Mutual Friend*, or urged her to read Dickens; she just found out for herself how marvellous he was; and proved to me again that the unique thing in his work is that extraordinary combination of irresistible comic genius with an obsessed concern with the squalors and miseries of the world.

Carrying about an odd volume of Dickens wherever we may happen to be is a habit I dare say a good many of us have. It's one of the things that add to the pleasures of life. I had *Our Mutual Friend* as a resource in the Mediterranean, and earlier this summer, when I was in Africa, *Edwin Drood* was in the canvas bag that went with me everywhere, and I found myself, like that character in Evelyn Waugh's macabre novel, reading Dickens in extraordinary conditions of tropical discomfort, miles

away from everywhere in the African bush. But that's only one of the pleasures enjoyed by those of us whose lives have been enriched by the study of Dickens. A great deal is written *about* Dickens nowadays, and scarcely a year passes without some new book appearing to which we turn with excitement and special interest. In the last few years the one that has made the greatest difference to me is Edgar Johnson's wonderful two-volume biography, which no Dickensian can afford to be without. Also his splendid edition of the Dickens-Burdett-Coutts letters. Following these, I do recommend to you, if you haven't already read it, Professor Adrian's *Life of Georgina Hogarth*, which, slight though its subject may appear to be, contains so much of the kind of domestic detail that other biographers leave out, that it's well worth having. Butt and Tillotson's *Dickens at Work*, of course, is invaluable to anyone who wants to know as much as possible about Dickens's methods as a writer.

Three other books I've found rewarding—*Charles Dickens: The World of His Novels*, by J. Hillis Miller; a solemn American work, an example of what is sometimes called " the new criticism," perhaps too psycho-analytical for some tastes, but full of interest: an excellent little critical introduction to Dickens's work by K. J. Fielding, who is also, I am pleased to see, shortly bringing out a new edition of Dickens's speeches—a book which has been out of print for twenty years, and is full of good things. And only last week I came across another scholarly American work, Monroe Engel's *The Maturity of Dickens*, which, though perhaps not profoundly original, I've found extremely interesting.

And, as though this swelling stream were not enough, those of us who are lucky enough to belong to the Dickens Fellowship have *The Dickensian* to look forward to at intervals, an example of a society's Transactions that I think could scarcely be bettered. I should like to congratulate Mr. Staples on *The Dickensian's* invariably high standard of interest. And even that's not all, for now I find myself eagerly looking forward to your Secretary's, Mr. Greaves's, *Dickensian Diary*, which I ordered only this morning, just in case nobody gave it me for Christmas.

I seem to have got on to a rather practical subject, telling you what I consider the best possible Christmas present for a Dickensian: but I conceive of my office as President as being largely a practical affair. I want to be as active and useful as possible in all that concerns the Fellowship, and I particularly want to receive your ideas and suggestions.

Now, there is one practical matter which I should like to discuss with you, because we may eventually need your help, and we shall certainly want some constructive ideas from members. This is the question of the fate of Dickens's châlet, which some of us are anxious about, and which does seem very uncertain. As you know, the Swiss châlet, which was erected in that part of the garden called The Wilderness at Gad's Hill, in which Dickens did much of his writing in the last years of his life, where he was writing the unfinished chapter of *Edwin Drood* on the morning of the day he died, now stands—neglected but in very fair condition—in the beautiful park of Cobham Hall, which was recently

sold to the Ministry of Works by Lord Darnley. I won't bother you with the history of how it got there: what concerns us is whether it is going to stay there, and if not, what is to become of it. Many people would like to see it returned to the old site at Gad's Hill, and made accessible to the public, but this I am afraid is impossible. Gad's Hill as you know is privately owned; it's a girls' school; and the Wilderness is hemmed in by buildings and a busy main road, and a cottage has been built on the spot where the châlet used to stand.

Admiral Sir Gerald Dickens has been most actively concerned over its fate for years, and he recently put all his patient and detailed correspondence on the subject into my hands. I went down to Cobham to see the châlet, and found it, solitary and somewhat neglected, but in a most romantic and beautiful situation, surrounded by fine trees, in a very secluded part of Cobham Park. Nobody seemed to know what was going to happen to it, because the fate of Cobham Hall itself is still uncertain, so I asked our Secretary to write to the Minister for an assurance that it would be properly looked after, and made accessible to the public. Mr. Greaves received the other day a letter which we both find rather disturbing, and with his permission I would like to read it to you:

" The Minister has purchased Cobham Hall with the intention of preserving it and other buildings of importance in the grounds. The Minister, as I informed Lord Huntingdon, would certainly wish to ensure the preservation of the Dickens Châlet. Negotiations to find a suitable tenant for Cobham Hall are still continuing and, while I have no doubt that it will be possible to arrange for the tenant to provide public access, etc., I feel that once publicity is given to Cobham being open to the public, custody arrangements for the protection of the Châlet will be essential, and it can never in its present position be given a full twenty-four hours' protection from hooligans, etc."

Nothing is settled at present, but I wanted you all to know how the matter stood, and to be ready with your help if we should need it; and in the meantime, to give it your thought, and me your suggestions. I am here, not as a figure-head—I couldn't be anything so calmly splendid—but to be useful, and to be made thoroughly useful by the Dickens Fellowship is the only thing that will put me at my ease since you have done me the great and unexpected honour of making me your President.

The Dean of St. Paul's, the retiring President, took the chair.

The block of Staple Inn, generously lent by the artist, Mr. C. King, Bucks Mills, Bideford, Devon.

CHARLES DICKENS, DRAMATIC CRITIC

By William J. Carlton

DICKENS'S lifelong passion for the stage has been the theme of several books, and his activities as playgoer, playwright and amateur actor have been explored in considerable detail in scores of articles in *The Dickensian* and other periodicals. As long ago as 1883 his critical judgments, culled from his letters, on some of the plays witnessed in his maturer years were discussed by his friend Edward Dutton Cook;[1] but surprisingly little attention has been given to the many occasions when, in the heyday of his career as a young journalist, he went to the theatre not merely for his own pleasure but in the rôle of dramatic critic for his paper. Forster is silent on this subject, and the novelist's latest biographer dismisses it in a sentence: " Sometimes Dickens had to write a notice of a new play."[2]

Dickens's engagement on the *Morning Chronicle* in the late summer of 1834 coincided with a period of intense political unrest and activity, following on the termination of the first Reformed Parliament. Although his skill as a shorthand writer could be exploited to the full during the parliamentary session in reporting the debates, other work had to be found for him in the recess. Parliament having been prorogued on 18 August, one of his earliest assignments was to report the opening session at the Old Bailey on 3 September, another was an expedition to Edinburgh to record the proceedings at the great banquet offered to Earl Grey on the 16th. The editor, John Black—" my first hearty out-and-out appreciator " Dickens called him—was quick to sense the capabilities of the new recruit and it was not long before he was called upon to attend performances of new plays and to pronounce on their merits. " Boz's " presence at the Adelphi Theatre on Monday, 13 October 1834, when J. B. Buckstone's farce *The Christening* was produced there for the first time, is attested by the report in the next day's *Morning Chronicle* which registered a mild protest against the author's failure to acknowledge his debt to " The Bloomsbury Christening," as printed in the *Monthly Magazine* of the previous April. This, " the earliest piece of theatrical criticism so far identified as by Dickens," was reprinted after the lapse of a century by Walter Dexter, who pointed out that no one else could have written it.[3]

To attempt to identify Dickens's theatrical critiques on stylistic grounds alone would be a hazardous undertaking; but fortunately in a number of cases internal evidence, corroborated by letters and other sources, enables us to ascribe their authorship to him with reasonable certainty, whilst in others the " signature of style " coupled with indirect external testimony is clear enough to warrant further investigation. With these considerations in mind a careful scrutiny of the files of the *Morning Chronicle* reveals that at least half-a-dozen such notices printed in its pages, and probably several more, were from Dickens's prolific pen.

1 " Charles Dickens as a Dramatic Critic " (*Longman's Magazine*, May 1883, pp. 29-32).
2 Edgar Johnson, *Charles Dickens, His Tragedy and Triumph*, 1953, I, 127.
3 *The Dickensian*, XXX, 223 (Summer 1934).

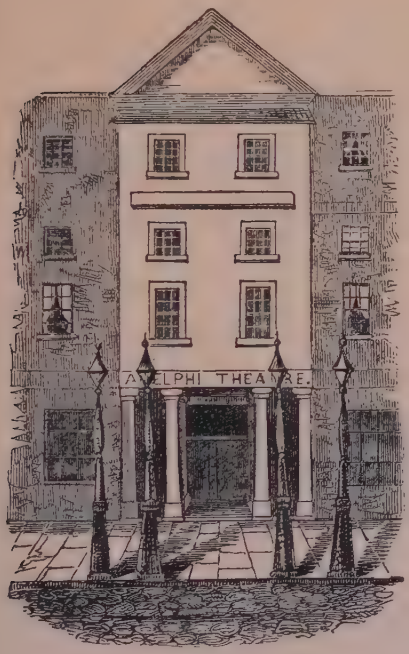
The dismissal of the Melbourne ministry by William IV on 14 November 1834, quickly followed by the dissolution of parliament on 29 December, precipitated a general election. Thereafter until the new parliament met on 9 February 1835 Dickens was busily occupied in travelling about the country and taking down election speeches at Braintree, Bury St. Edmunds, Chelmsford and elsewhere. It seems likely that within a week or so of his return to London he was at the Queen's Theatre in Tottenham Street, of which Mrs. Louisa Nisbett had recently taken over the management. On the programme for Wednesday evening, 21 January 1835, were four attractions, all of which had been staged there two days previously and one, Charles Dance's *The Station House,* had been seen at the Strand as early as 30 September 1833. When Dickens saw it at the Adelphi on 16 November 1835 he named it as one of the pieces on which he had already passed judgment, and the *Morning Chronicle* report of the January performance has an undeniably Dickensian flavour:

> " It gives us much gratification to find that the entertainments provided last night had attracted a very full and respectable house. *The Farmer's Son* is but a dull affair in itself, and Mr. Anderson's singing does not much mend the matter. This gentleman's vocal powers we have yet to discover. *The Maid of Castile* has a very interesting plot, which has not been worked out half so well as it might have been. Mrs. Nisbett's impersonation of the heroine, however, possesses an excellence which quite suffices to render the piece a favourite one, notwithstanding the extreme inefficiency which characterises the performance of some of the subordinate characters, not forgetting *Dom Gomez*, which, in two or three instances, amounted to the ludicrous. The fair Manageress must look carefully to this: the great secret of Madame Vestris is, her adapting to theatricals the trading maxim of ' Take care of the pence,' &c. The two farces *The Station-House* and *Is He Jealous?* were performed to our entire satisfaction. On Mrs. Nisbett's charms and talents it would be superfluous to descant, and we can pay no higher compliment to her sister than an assurance that she appears to us little inferior to the fair Manageress in either respect. Mrs. Brindal, too, is an actress of very great capacity, and Mr. Barnett's performance affords much promise. With a little attention this theatre, under its new direction, may supply a great *desideratum* in its populous and respectable neighbourhood, affording as much pleasure to its visiters [*sic*] as profit to its proprietors."

During the next seven months the reporting of the debates in both houses of parliament, varied by a journey to Exeter in the spring to chronicle the proceedings at a by-election in that city, must have absorbed much of Dickens's time. Parliament was prorogued on 10 September and did not meet again until 4 February 1836, a respite of nearly five months which afforded the young reporter plenty of opportunities to resume his visits to the theatre and to write more dramatic criticisms. He was probably at the Queen's Theatre already on the evening of 7 September 1835, when George Soane's *Zarah* was first produced.

Two months later when he saw it at the Adelphi he mentioned this as one of the plays on which he had given his opinion "at the time of its appearance." The *Morning Chronicle* notice of 8 September read as follows:

"The new musical drama brought out at this theatre last night, under the title of *Zarah*, attracted a crowded audience, and was received with great applause. Its incidents are of the most romantic kind; so wild, indeed, and extravagant that, if coolly related, they would appear a tissue of absurdities. We shall not, therefore, by doing so, give an erroneous impression of their effect, which, by means of able acting, particularly on the part of the fair—or rather the dusky—heroine herself, is exceedingly powerful and impressive. *Zarah*, a gipsy, personated by Mrs. Nisbett, may be described as a young and beautiful *Meg Merrilees*[1]—a personage whom the author of the drama has evidently had in his eye in drawing the character, who is represented as glowing with the fiery passions of those children of the sun. She loves, and is beloved by a young gentleman, whom she saves from the dagger of a ruffian of her own tribe, by shooting him when his hand is uplifted to strike the blow; she conceals her lover in the cavern into which the expiring ruffian is brought by his comrades; effects her own and the young man's escape in circumstances of the most fearful and intense interest, and finally is herself shot by one of the banditti by whom the fugitives are pursued. Her words, when she receives her death-wound, are those of *Meg Merrilees*—'I knew it would be thus!'—words which Mrs. Nisbett pronounced with the most thrilling expression. Her whole performance of the part, indeed, was admirable. Her attire was picturesque in the extreme, composed of bright colours and glittering ornaments after the gipsy fashion, but full of barbaric grace, and calculated to set off to advantage the fine form and features of the wearer.



The Adelphi Theatre in 1836

From a contemporary print

[1] The old gipsy woman in Scott's *Guy Mannering*. She is the subject of Keats's poem, "Old Meg she was a Gipsy."

"The character of the lover is a failure. In trying to make him gay and careless, the author has made him frivolous, vulgar-minded, and unworthy of the devoted attachment of a high-minded woman. Of such a part no actor could make anything. There is nothing remarkable in the other parts, which are of the ordinary melo-dramatic kind.

"As a spectacle, the piece is beautiful. There is an old English rustic fair, with its crowds of lads and lasses; shows, pedlars, dancing-dogs, and morris-dancers, forming, altogether, one of the most gay and animated pictures we have ever seen on the stage. The morris-dance, in particular, by a bevy of pretty damsels, equipped like country clowns, gave the audience great delight and amusement. Some of the scenes are exquisitely painted, especially a wild Derbyshire landscape, seen by moonlight; and the interior of the cave or grotto which forms the gipsies' retreat. Of the music, nothing is said in the bills, but that it is 'entirely new.' We wonder at the concealment of the author's name, for there is not one of our composers to whom it would not do credit. The dirge sung over the dying robber is quite beautiful. There is a glee, too, which, if well performed, would have an excellent effect. But the vocal strength of this theatre is by no means great.

"At the end of the piece Mrs. Nisbett announced it for repetition every night until further notice, amidst loud applause."

The opening of the Adelphi season under the management of C. J. Mathews was noticed in the *Morning Chronicle* of 29 September 1835, when Dickens's good-humoured protest against Buckstone's alleged plagiarism was renewed:

"The opening of this theatre last night drew an overflowing audience," we are told. "The bill of fare was so ample that the entertainments were not over till half-past twelve o'clock. The first piece, *Mandrin*, was founded on the history of the famous French robber of that name . . . The piece, which is by Mr. C. Mathews, was extremely well received, and will have a run; but the author would do well to make some curtailments in it.

"The excellent burletta of *The Christening* followed. It was admirably acted, particularly by Buckstone, Mrs. Keeley, and Wilkinson, and, from beginning to end, kept the house in a roar. Who is the author of this piece? We read a tale in the *Monthly Magazine*, a couple of years ago, we believe, of which *The Christening*, as represented, seems to be little more than a transcript, with a change in the names of the characters.

"The last piece was *The London Carrier*, by Fitzball, we understand. It is full of very intense interest, and displays Mrs. Keeley's talents as a most powerful and impressive actress."

The Christening was withdrawn from the Adelphi programme a week later, its place being taken by *The Mysterious Family*.

A new play, *The Rival Pages*, produced at the Queen's Theatre on Thursday, 8 October 1835 was revived five weeks later at the Adelphi, when Dickens reminded his readers that he had given his verdict on it at the time of its appearance. The *Morning Chronicle* notice of 9 October may therefore be credited to him:

" A new ' petite comedy ' was last night produced at this theatre under the title of *The Rival Pages*. The affair was a miserable failure. Mr. Williams of the English Opera House, who appeared on these boards for the first time, did his best to rescue it from—(we will not write the disagreeable word), but his endeavours, although praiseworthy, were unsuccessful. Mrs. Honey also strove to rescue the piece from its inevitable fate, but even her efforts and her attractions could not accomplish so difficult an object.

" The plot, if plot it might be called, was simply this: Two young women in love with the *Marquis de Reville* (Selby) disguise themselves as pages, and as such seek the camp of *Francis the First* (T. Green), and are admitted into the service of the Marquis. The meddling, inquisitive *Count de Cornichon* (Williams) immediately discovers that they are women, although each of the ladies is ignorant of the sex of the other. He lets the King know the result of his observations, and the monarch immediately expresses a wish to see them, and having sent for the Marquis, teazes him by insisting that one of them shall remain in his service. The ladies themselves (Mesdames Honey and Murray) stamp and rave at each other, and ultimately fight, not with their nails as might have been expected, but with their swords. Their squabbles constitute the only fun of the piece. They at length discover each other's sex; and the Marquis having expressed his intention to marry one of them, the other trips back to Paris, the place from which she came.

" Such is the groundwork of this *petite* comedy, the wit of which was even scantier than its plot. It was throughout full of inaccuracies: The *French* soldiers of *Francis the First* talk of smoking and drinking like jolly dogs and true *Britons*. At the fall of the curtain there was some faint applause. The piece was not announced for repetition."

The Colosseum reopened for the season on Monday, 12 October 1835, with a varied programme, and Dickens was there to report it. Here is what he wrote in the next day's *Morning Chronicle*:

" On two former occasions we have availed ourselves of an opportunity of expressing our satisfaction in the different arrangements made for the amusement of the visitors to this pleasant place of public resort. It reopened last night for the winter season, and we regret that the entertainments were not of a character to justify a similar degree of praise. The principal novelties of the evening—we quote the bills—were ' the courses of the Enchanted Chariot, and round flights of the Mechanical Peacock,' described as an elegant ' diversion arranged for the lady visitors to display their skill with the Silver Arrow, and Jeu de la Bague, and their fortune with the White Dove and Rosebud.' Now the Enchanted Chariot was a pantomimic car, and the Mechanical Peacock and Enchanted Car performed the round flights together, by travelling in a groove, which went completely round the Rotunda, and along which it was propelled by men and machinery. The car held two ladies at a

time, and the fortunate fair who knocked off the greatest number of wreaths, or rosebuds, or something of that kind, was entitled to a free admission for herself and friend for the current week. The car was a complete failure: first of all the ladies wouldn't go, and when the ladies did the car wouldn't; and when at last both parties consented to go together, the company unanimously pronounced it to be ' no go ' at all. The ladies having thus delighted themselves and everybody else, an opportunity was afforded to the gentlemen to display their skill on the ' Way Hobby '—a mimic horse of large dimensions, accoutred, like John Reeve in *Quadrupeds*, with petticoats in lieu of legs, which half hid the men who forced it along. This was also childish to absurdity—the only amusement derivable from it being that consequent upon an experimental trip made by Yates himself with some fun and considerable good-humour. Ducrow's performances, in the *Dream of Raphael*, displayed all that wonderful skill and taste for which he is eminently remarkable in a department of his art peculiarly his own; but it was too long: *Raphael* is decidedly the most prosy individual that ever presented himself on any stage, and his introductory descriptions were melancholy in the extreme. The remainder of the entertainments were familiar to the frequenters of Astley's, and presented nothing new. We wish we could say anything more in praise of the present attractions of the establishment, but we really cannot; and we regret it the more, when we consider the trouble and expense which have been again incurred by the enterprising proprietors. When the difficulties and imperfections of a first night have been removed, they may possibly tell better; if so, we shall be happy to report to that effect. For the present we have made a true deliverance according to our consciences, and can do no more."

It will be noticed that " Boz " claimed to have signified his approval of the Colosseum arrangements twice before, presumably in the same newspaper; these reports have not been traced. His visit on 12 October was doubtless the one mentioned in an undated letter from Furnival's Inn to Catherine Hogarth, then recovering from an attack of scarlet fever. It was on a Monday morning that he wrote: " I shall be backwards and forwards to know how you are until late tonight when I leave the Colosseum."[1]

On the following Monday, 19 October, Morris Barnett's burletta, *Yellow Kids*, was staged for the first time at the Adelphi, together with Charles Mathew's *Truth or a Glass Too Much*, *The Mysterious Family* and *Mandrin*, all three of which had been produced there earlier. In the first of these pieces Benjamin Webster made his début at the Adelphi, of which he was later to become manager, and stepped at once into the front rank of actors. The notice in the *Morning Chronicle*, which is very much in Dickens's style, concluded:

" The burletta is lively and amusing, and its announcement for repetition every night during the week was received with great applause by a crowded house. Mr. Webster's is by many degrees the most prominent part, and he played it respectably;

[1] *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens*, ed. W. Dexter, 1935, p. 17.

he should avoid palpable imitations of Buckstone, however; especially when that amusing actor's appearance in the very next piece weakens the little effect they might otherwise produce. Less dancing too in the wrong places would have been desirable . . . "

In this case confirmation of Dickens's authorship is lacking, and a similar reservation must be made with regard to the critique in the *Chronicle* of 27 October of C. Pelham Thompson's drama, *The King's Command*, produced at the Adelphi on the previous evening, although the Dickens touch may perhaps be detected in such a passage as the following:

" If we were asked for a detail of the plot, we might answer with the knife-grinder, ' Story, Lord love you, I have none to tell, Sir ! '[1] Bare as it was of incident, the dry humour of Wilkinson, and the excellent acting of Mrs. Keeley, saved it from the fate which, without their efforts, it would inevitably have experienced . . . *Simon Knickerbocker*, a gardener (Wilkinson) is in love with *Lucy Prate-apace* (Mrs. Keeley), and his surprise at finding her dressed out in the finery of the countess was highly amusing. By the bye, his own costume was not a little unsuitable, as he looked more like a waterman of one of the Lord Mayor's state barges than a gardener . . . "

There can be little doubt that Dickens was responsible for the report, in the *Morning Chronicle* of Wednesday, 4 November 1835, of John Oxenford's *The Castilian Noble and the Contrabandista*, produced at the Adelphi two days before. He seems to have missed the first night's performance, and the explanation may perhaps be found in his letter to Catherine Hogarth of the previous Friday, 30 October. " My cold is very bad indeed," he wrote. " I am afraid if I don't get rid of it before I go to Bristol, I shall never get rid of it afterwards."[2] He left for Bristol on 7 November, and when he saw *The Castilian Noble* again at the Adelphi on the 16th contented himself with remarking that he had given his opinion of it at the time of its appearance.

" A new romantic burletta " (he had written), " entitled *The Castilian Noble and the Contrabandista*, was produced at this theatre on Monday, and repeated last night to a numerous audience. Abounding in blue fire, blood, and desperation, it will no doubt prove highly attractive to those who delight in similar exhibitions. Mrs. Keeley sang two pretty songs in her best manner. The scenery was splendid, the music agreeable, the dances well arranged, and the blue fire vivid. With all these arguments in its favour the playgoer would be hard to please, who should condemn the piece, because the incidents were somewhat improbable, and the dialogue a little overstrained. The acting of O. Smith in the part of *Scalto*, the contrabandista, one of your regular melo-dramatic rascals, elicited much applause, as did that of Mrs. Keeley in the part of *Lorenzo*. The piece was throughout received with the warmest approbation, to which the scenery, independently of its other merits, would have entitled it."

1 " Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, Sir " (George Canning, " The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder," *Anti-Jacobin*, No. II, 27 Nov. 1797).
2 *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens*, p. 28.

It is possible, too, that Dickens was the writer of a favourable notice of Thomas Haynes Bayly's *The Daughter*, adapted from Scribe's *La Lectrice* and produced at the Olympic on 5 November. On that morning he had visited Newgate with his publisher Macrone and N. P. Willis. In an undated letter of this period he wrote to Macrone: "I have been, I am sorry to say, compelled by Black's special desire to go to the Adelphi. As Cruikshank remains at home for us the second time, he must not be disappointed. Will you do me the favour of proceeding there from hence, on my undertaking to join you at his house by 9. It is the first piece, and if I take a cab and put off writing my notice till we return, I can easily manage it. I shall come straight from the Theatre. Pray excuse me—it is not my fault."[1]

If the editors of the Nonesuch edition of Dickens's letters are right in assigning this missive to 16 November 1835 the piece in question could have been none other than George Soane's *Zarah*, originally produced at the Queen's Theatre on the previous 7 September, which was the first of four items on the Adelphi programme when the season opened there on Monday, 16 November. Earlier in that month Mathews and Yates had let the Adelphi for the remaining five months of the season to Mrs. Nisbett. The report of the reopening in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 17th bears the unmistakeable impress of Dickens's hand:

> "Mrs. Nisbett having succeeded in rendering the Queen's Theatre a place of rational and agreeable entertainment, and having succeeded also in the still more hazardous experiment of drawing crowded and brilliant audiences within its walls has enlarged her sphere of action and commenced a new—and we trust we shall hereafter be enabled to add an equally successful—season at the Adelphi. With the circumstances which led to the abrupt termination of the management under which this theatre opened for its usual season, a short time since, we have nothing to do. The best and most popular members of the old company have enrolled themselves under the banners of the fair manageress; and with their familiar faces before us, and peals of laughter around us, we felt last night that the house was as much like the old Adelphi as any place could be, from which Mr. Yates and his wife were absent, and where 'glorious John'[2] is not. The performances for the evening were *Zarah*; *The Station-House*; *The Castilian Noble*; and *The Rival Pages*; on each and every one of which pieces we have pronounced our opinion at the time of its appearance. We must therefore reserve further criticism until the production of the first novelty—a drama by Buckstone, entitled *The Dream at Sea*, of which report says great things, and the author's name greater, and which will be presented on Monday next. The house was crowded in every part. The whole of the entertainment went off briskly and the stage appointments bore all that character of taste and propriety which Lady-Managers seem to have a peculiar talent of imparting to such things. Admirable managers

[1] *Letters* (Nonesuch ed.), I, 52.
[2] John Braham.

they are, and the influence they possess is really extraordinary. Here we have Buckstone, O. Smith, Hemming, Wrench, Vining, Mitchell, Green, Wilkinson, Williams, W. Bennett, Attwood, and a host of others under petticoat government; not ashamed of the fact either, but apparently glorying in it; and Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Honey, Miss Clifford, the Miss Mordaunt, Miss Daly, Miss Ayres, and the Treasurer only knows who besides, lent their powerful aid to the captivation of other victims! There must be a Salique law in theatricals, or there is really no telling where all this will end.

"We had almost forgotten to add that the boxes have been greatly beautified and improved; and that a new grotesque dance was introduced into *Zarah*, in which the pantomime inseparables, Brown, King, and Gibson were *encored*."

On the following Monday, 23 November, Mrs. Nisbett presented at the Adelphi a new drama by Buckstone, *The Dream at Sea*, of which the report in the next day's *Morning Chronicle* is indubitably the work of Dickens. Included in the same programme were Charles Selby's *Hunting a Turtle, Tableau Vivant!* and Buckstone's *A Dead Shot*, first produced at the same theatre on 22 January 1827. Confining himself to the first piece, Dickens outlined at some length the plot of the play, which the bills claimed to be "founded on facts." "Truth is decidedly stranger than fiction, if it be," he commented, and continued:

"As nearly as we can undertake to recapitulate the 'facts' upon which the piece is founded, they are to the following purport:—At the opening of the drama *Richard Penderell* (Hemming) is shipwrecked on the coast of Cornwall, to which place he has voyaged for the purpose of marrying his cousin, *Ann Trevanion* (Miss Daly), who, like a true dramatic heroine, has previously formed another attachment for *Launce Lynwood* (Vining). The Land's End, Cornwall, is infested by wreckers, one of the chief of whom is *Black Ralph* (O. Smith); and *Black Ralph* and his companions are on the point of pillaging and murdering the unhappy *Richard*, who exhausted with fatigue can offer but a faint resistance, when he is saved by the timely interposition of his rival, who having previously rescued him from a watery grave, preserves a valuable casket of jewels and gold belonging to him, from the clutches of the wreckers, and sends him unscathed to the residence of his destined bride. The treasure, however, has not escaped the eager glance of *Black Ralph*. Impelled by misery, and urged to desperation by the hungry cries of his starving children, he sits in his wretched hut vainly endeavouring to devise some mode of obtaining possession of the glittering casket, when *Launce Lynwood* enters, announces his intention of quitting for ever a place which only reminds him of his blighted hopes and lost happiness, and his own wardrobe being scanty, and ill adapted for sea-voyaging, begs to exchange his own cloak and hat for those of *Black Ralph*, which happen to be in better condition. *Ralph* consents with singular christian charity and kindness—for *Launce* had stabbed him in the arm some half hour before—and subsequently, disguised in *Launce's* attire, secretes himself in a closet during

the ceremony of the wedding, and having heard from his place of concealment where the casket is deposited, rushes into the bride's bedroom to secure it, just as she has retired. *Ann Trevanion* utters the name of her old lover: shrieks are heard, and the mansion is alarmed. Rendered desperate by his situation, *Ralph* strikes her to the ground, secures the valuables, and escapes by the window. A scene of confusion and an excellent tableau conclude the act.

" At the opening of the second act, we learn that *Ann* has died of the wound inflicted by *Ralph*, and that the guilt of her murder is unanimously attributed to *Launce*. *Launce*, however, unexpectedly presents himself to *Ralph*, and informs him that his sudden reappearance is occasioned by a frightful dream which has haunted him thrice, and visited his pillow on land and sea. It was, that *Ann Trevanion* had died, and some mysterious agency urged him, with an impulse he could not resist, to return to the place he had so lately quitted. *Ralph* acquaints him with the realization of his vision; and *Launce*, still under the influence of the same agency we suppose—a most mysterious one certainly—bears the inanimate object of his love from the family vault to a lone hovel, where he shuts himself up with the body, and after carefully examining the chinks in the apartment, lights a charcoal fire, and lies down to die on the Parisian principle.

" Now comes the principal ' fact ' in the piece. The lady is not dead, but to the very natural surprise of *Launce* suddenly awakens and imitates *Juliet* to the life. *Launce* has been recognized and pursued; he has just time to secrete his beloved in a dark recess, when his pursuers burst in upon him; he is at once charged with the murder of *Ann*, and very wisely thinking that the shortest way of refuting the charge satisfactorily will be to produce the lady herself—he desires the recess to be searched. The recess is searched, and *Ann* is not found there: she having been, by a little theatrical hide and seek, removed by *Ralph*, by whom she is carried—we did not exactly understand how—to the *Pendeen Vau*, or Haunted Cave, where the faithful *Launce*, who has again escaped from his pursuers, finds her, and where his pursuers find him soon afterwards. *Ralph*, who has fallen off a rock, and damaged himself irreparably, then confesses his share in the affair, and dies melo-dramatically. *Mr. Trevanion* (Gallot) learning that *Miss Trevanion* has been brought to life by means of *Launce*, suggests to his nephew *Mr. Trevanion* the younger, the propriety of giving up his wife to her preserver. To this little family arrangement, *Mr. Trevanion* junior at once accedes in the most handsome and gentlemanly manner, and they are made happy without the intervention of an Ecclesiastical Court, or any such tedious common-place proceeding.

" There is an under-plot arising out of the humours of Alley Croaker, an overseer and tax-collector (Wilkinson), who is constantly calling upon the *dramatis personae* for ' two quarters' poors-rates,' and incessantly deploring the badness of the times, and the cries of *Tom Tinkle*, the village muffin-man (Buckstone)

and his sweetheart *Biddy Nutts* (Mrs. Nisbett). In this underplot there is little novelty. The *Overseer* gets knocked down the usual number of times: *Mr. Tinkle* has a cow-skin waistcoat bequeathed him by his grandfather, much to his disappointment at first, but greatly to his joy afterwards: for the cow-skin waistcoat is discovered to be lined with bank notes, and the property thus acquired enables him to marry *Biddy Nutts*.

" Such are the incidents of the piece. If we were to say that they were probable, our good humour would exceed our common sense; if we were to report that they were unskilfully managed by the Dramatist, we should not deal justly by him; but if we were to add that his last production is in any respect equal to *The Wreck Ashore*,[1] *Victorine*,[2] or any of the numerous dramas which have rendered his name so popular, we should do him a far greater injustice. At the conclusion of the piece Mr. Buckstone was loudly called for, and announced it for repetition every evening till further notice, amidst great applause.

" Having said that the scenery was beautiful, and the whole ' getting up ' of the piece admirable, it only remains to speak of the acting. Vining had the most to do, and did it well; many of his scenes exhibited great feeling and power, and would have done infinite credit to many actors of far greater pretensions—he played excellently throughout. O. Smith was admirably dressed, and acted in his best manner—no slight praise at any time. Buckstone, as the Muffin Boy, was as quaint and humorous as ever, and tinkled his bell as merrily as if there were no such wiseacres as Mr. Laing in existence, and no Hatton-garden law on record. Mrs. Nisbett had a lively part, to which she did full justice, and the remainder of the *dramatis personae* did their best. There was a Cornish clog dance by Messrs. Brown, King, and Gibson, which the gallery encored—rather unnecessarily, for they see the same thing in every new piece produced here, and have seen the same thing for seasons past.

" Mr. Buckstone's dramas have attracted full audiences to this house, and afforded general delight to the play-going public. We are happy to see such a return to the old system as the production of any piece by him; but we should be more happy to see one in his old pleasant domestic style, where the situations are not wholly improbable, nor the incidents palpably absurd."

Apart from any other consideration, the allusions to the Ecclesiastical Court and to the notorious Hatton Garden magistrate pilloried a few months later as Mr. Fang in *Oliver Twist*, would suffice to convict Dickens of having written this particular piece of theatrical criticism.

In December 1835 Dickens was again away from London, reporting on the disastrous fire at Hatfield House and the election riots at Kettering; but on 11 January he must have been at the Olympic Theatre. In a note headed simply " Tuesday Evening "

[1] *The Wreck Ashore; or, A Bridegroom from the Sea*, first produced 25 Oct. 1830 at the Adelphi, with Mrs. Yates as Alice. It was based upon " Letitia " in *Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean;* 2nd series, by Robert Pearce Gillies, 1829.

[2] *Victorine; or, I'll Sleep on it*, a drama in three acts, first produced 17 Oct. 1831 at the Adelphi, with Mrs. Yates as Victorine.

he wrote to his friend J. P. Hullah, with whom he was collaborating in the preparation of *The Village Coquettes*, giving as one reason why the first scene was not quite finished: "I was obliged to notice a new piece at the Olympic last night."[1] This letter may be assigned with some confidence to 12 January 1836, on which date the *Morning Chronicle* printed the following under the heading "Olympic Theatre":

"A new piece by Mr. Haynes Bayley, entitled *One Hour, or a Carnival Ball*, was produced at this house last night, and met with decided and well-merited success. The plot is slight, but the dialogue is sprightly and agreeable, the situations excellent,

The Olympic Theatre, Wych Street

From a drawing by Thos. H. Shepherd

and the different characters admirably adapted to the powers of their several representatives. *Mrs. Smith* (Miss Paget), and *Miss Dalton* (Madame Vestris) are residing *pro tem.* with their aunt, *Mrs. Belvil* (Mrs. Knight) at Naples, to which place they have been pursued by *Mr. Charles Swiftly*, a rattle-brained, off-hand young gentleman, personated by Mr. Charles Mathews. One of the nieces, *Mrs. Smith*, having married in opposition to the wishes of her husband's friends, is compelled to keep her marriage secret during his absence in England, whither he has repaired in the hope of obtaining their consent to his stolen union. *Mr. Swiftly* unfortunately falls deeply in love with the married lady, and writes a note to the aunt soliciting the favour of an hour's conversation with her niece alone. With

[1] *Letters* (Nonesuch ed.), I, 52. In assigning this note to 17 November 1835, the Nonesuch editors pointed out that Thomas Haynes Bayly's new operetta, *Comfortable Service*, was produced at the Olympic under Mme. Vestris's management on Monday, 16 November. A short notice of it appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 17th, but unless he attended both the Adelphi and the Olympic on the same evening Dickens could not have written it. In any case it is not the piece mentioned in his letter to Hullah.

the double view of rescuing her relation from her painful situation, and influencing the heart of *Mr. Swiftly* herself, the other neice (Madame Vestris) meets the lover on her aunt's joining in the plot, and affecting to mistake *Mr. Swiftly's* object. The lover arrives; politeness forbids his leaving before the hour has expired, and he sits down, to undergo the purgatory of a prolonged *tête-à-tête* with the wrong lady whom he supposes inanimate and stupid. She exerts all her powers of conversation and amusing; the lover is astonished by her charms, her brilliancy, and her wit; and the hour, the first five minutes of which lagged so heavily on, has flown before he imagines it half over, but not before he has discovered that his former attachment was a delusion, and that his heart is irrevocably lost to the new cousin. A grand carnival ball is about to take place; *Miss Dalton* attends in the garb of a Neapolitan peasant, and *Mr. Swiftly* does the same. He has previously been led to suppose that his first flame would appear at the ball in that garb, and under this supposition, pours into *Miss Dalton's* willing ear the confession that his heart is hers. The lady removes her mask; *Mr. Smith* arrives and avows his marriage and the consent of his friends; the blunder of an Irish servant, who had communicated to *Mr. Swiftly* the important though not very accurate secret, that *Miss Dalton* was the married lady, is adjusted; and all our parties are made happy.

"A more lively and agreeable piece than this we have not seen for some time, and we care not how soon we see such another. Everybody played well, and every point was understood and appreciated by the audience. We never saw Vestris to greater advantage than in the *tête-à-tête* with *Mr. Swiftly*; distinguished as her performance is for ease, vivacity, and nature, on all occasions, she never acted better. Young Mathews was to have introduced a Neapolitan air in this scene, but after one or two fruitless attempts, occasioned by a cold, or nervousness, he was compelled to desist. The *naiveté* with which Vestris begged him, after his first break-down, to try it again, as she knew he could sing it very well, because she had heard him before (at rehearsal), called forth an unanimous round of applause. There were two airs in the part allotted to Madame Vestris; the one a new song by Mr. Tulby, called 'Love is the Theme of the Minstrel,' and the other a Neapolitan air, which, the former especially, were very favourably received.

"We are very happy that young Mathews has had so early an opportunity of appearing in this piece, as his performance cannot fail to increase very materially the fame he is so rapidly acquiring. His acting throughout was easy, gentlemanly, and humorous, without being in the slightest degree overstrained. In the ball scene, dressed in the costume of a Neapolitan peasant, he danced, with Miss Fitzwalter, the national dance of *The Tarantella*, in a style which fairly took the audience by surprise. It was not the cold artificial dance of an actor going through a figure, because it was in his part, or the burlesque posturing of a low comedian, determined to raise a laugh at all hazards: it was the sunny, sparkling joyousness of an Italian peasant,

revelling in the beauty of everything around him, and dancing for very lightness of heart and gaiety. Anything more elegant and delightful we never saw, within the walls of a theatre or without; the audience were unanimously of the same opinion, for the house resounded with a thunder of applause.[1]

"The house was crowded in every part."

Three days later Dickens was at the St. James's Theatre in King Street, opened a month previously under John Braham's management. His report in the *Morning Chronicle* of 15 January was brief and to the point:

"A new burlesque on *The Bronze Horse*,[2] which was announced for repetition last night at this house, was unavoidably postponed to Monday next, in consequence of the magnitude of the preparations for its production. The performances for the evening were, *The Spoiled Child*, *The Waterman*, *Monsieur Jacques*,[3] and *Rasselas*.[4] Every admirer of Braham—and who is not?—should embrace the opportunity of seeing his performance as *Tom Tug* in the second of these pieces. It is perfectly delightful to witness. With all his energies unimpaired, with his splendid voice as fine as ever, and a spirit which nobody but himself could infuse into the character, he at once delights his audience and appears to revel in the fine English melodies, in the execution of which he has always stood, and, judging from present appearances, always will continue to stand, unrivalled. The house was, as it ought to have been, exceedingly well filled, and the audience evinced their gratification by bestowing a most flattering *encore* on every one of Braham's songs."

Any doubt as to the authorship of this encomium is dispelled by an undated letter addressed to Dickens by George Hogarth, written doubtless on 15 January 1836. Hogarth had talked with Braham that morning about *The Village Coquettes*, then nearing completion, with a view to its production at the St. James's, and Braham had expressed a wish to see the opera. "The name of the author of the drama, I told him, was as yet unknown to him," Hogarth added. "When he was afterwards speaking of the 'beautiful compliments' paid him in this morning's *Chronicle*, I told him it was by the author of the drama we had been talking of. The sooner he gets the piece to read and the music to go over, the better."[5]

[1] Dickens's enthusiastic appreciation of Mathews's triumph was endorsed by another competent witness on this occasion, George Henry Lewes, who wrote many years later: "Anything so airy and fascinating as this young man had not been seen upon our stage. A nimble spirit of mirth sparkled in his eye and gave airiness to every gesture. He was in incessant movement without ever becoming obtrusive or fidgety. A certain grace tempered his vivacity; an innate sense of elegance rescued him from the exaggerations of animal spirits . . . Whether he danced the Tarantella with charming Miss Fitzpatrick, or snatched up a guitar and sang, he neither danced like a dancer nor sang like a singer, but threw the charm of a lively nature into both. I think I see him now in *One Hour* seated besides Madame Vestris, and made to subdue his restless impatience while he held her skeins of silk" (*On Actors and the Art of Acting*, 1875, pp. 61-2).

[2] *The Bronze Horse: or, The Flying Palfrey of China*, adapted from Scribe's *Le Cheval de Bronze*, first produced on 8 June 1835 at Astley's Royal Amphitheatre. Dickens was surely drawing on his own experience when he wrote in his sketch of "Astley's" that he had "taken a seat in one of the boxes, in the centre of the house, the other night" (*Morning Chronicle*, 27 July 1835).

[3] *Monsieur Jacques*, a comedy adapted from Cogniard's *Le Pauvre Jacques* by Morris Barnett, in which he played the name part. It was one of the few outstanding successes of Braham's management at the St. James's, where it had been first staged on 12 January 1836.

[4] William Brough's extravaganza, founded on Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, was first produced at the St. James's, 26 December 1835.

[5] Unpublished letter in the Berg collection, New York Public Library.

The postponed burlesque of *The Bronze Horse* mentioned in Dickens's report of 15 January was duly presented at the St. James's Theatre on the 18th, and he was there to see it. In the next day's *Chronicle* he wrote:

> "A new burlesque on the *Bronze Horse*, entitled *Brown's Horse*, was produced here last night, with no very decided success. The piece was extremely poor, even for a burlesque, and the very excellent actors who played in it were thrust into parts wholly beneath their talents . . . We, and we suspect we may add the audience too, should have been strongly disposed to have been in ill humour with the piece, if we had not previously sat out *The Waterman* again. Braham put us in good humour with ourselves and every one about us, and we are therefore disinclined to say more. We are most happy to add that the house was exceedingly well filled."

There are a few other references to visits paid to the theatre on behalf of his paper in some of Dickens's early letters, but his habit of dating them only by the day of the week renders identification of the pieces he saw extremely difficult. Writing to Catherine Hogarth from Furnival's Inn on a "Thursday Morning" (almost certainly in October 1835), he told her: "I have most unfortunately received orders from the office, to attend the first representation of a new piece at the Adelphi to-night—unfortunately because nothing is more wretched than to sit one's body in the theatre when the mind is elsewhere, or to write a facetious notice when every thought and idea have fled to another and a very different subject."[1] And another letter written on a Thursday evening (?28 January 1836) warned her: "The Adelphi I shall be sent to on Monday."[2]

To his colleague Thomas Beard, in a letter dated "Tuesday Afternoon" which can be assigned definitely to 2 February 1836 (two days before parliament reassembled), he wrote: "I have to go to the Adelphi tomorrow night. They have sent the Office a Private Box in which I shall have room for you, if you like to accompany me and the Hogarths."[3] J. B. Buckstone's adaptation of Bulwer's *Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes*, was produced for the first time at the Adelphi on 3 February 1836, and there can be little hesitation in ascribing the notice of the play in the next day's *Morning Chronicle* to Dickens:

> "An adaptation by Mr. Buckstone of Mr. Bulwer's novel of *Rienzi*, was produced here last night. In some instances the adapter has departed from the original; and in others, he has dovetailed the different parts and the story, he has adhered so clumsily together, that it is no very easy task to follow the plot, in any connected or intelligible description. So far as the drama is concerned, therefore, we will only say that some of the most striking incidents of the Novel have been adapted by the dramatist, and so arranged for theatrical representation as to produce a very striking and powerful effect.

[1] *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens*, p. 19.
[2] *Ibid*, p. 57.
[3] *Letters* (Nonesuch ed.), I, 63.

"Next, with regard to the acting. Elton was the hero of the piece, and delivered what was set down for him exceedingly well. He would look the character much better were his figure taller or more commanding. Miss Daly was the heroine, and the personages next in importance were Mrs. Honey, Messrs. Vining, O. Smith, Buckstone, Hemming, Wilkinson and Webster, all of whom made the most of what they had to do. There was a vast number of actors from the fifth rate to the fifteenth, who came in and went out, and hurra'd in their proper places.

"Lastly, with reference to the scenery and 'getting up' of the piece. The former was beautiful, and the latter admirable. Anything better than the general arrangement of the tableaux and effects we never saw, even at the Adelphi under Yates's management, and this is no slight praise. There were one or two hitches here and there, but they were no doubt the consequences of a first night, and will not occur again. The piece appeared to give great satisfaction to a crowded house, and was announced by Buckstone for repetition every evening until further notice, amid a burst of applause which completely drowned the few hisses that were faintly heard in the course of the performance.

"We cannot refrain from expressing our regret that this theatre is no longer devoted to that species of entertainment which first rendered it popular. We attach no blame to the present proprietors, for in the latter days of his management even Yates himself departed from his old course; but the public will never derive that rational and agreeable amusement from the noise and glitter and prancing and thumping of horse spectacles, which good domestic dramas, like *The Wreck Ashore* or *Victorine*, so long and so generally afforded. Unmeaning pageantry is wearisome enough even in one of our national theatres, where it has every advantage that great space and ample means of every kind can give it, but in a small house it is infinitely more tiresome, and will become, in the end, or we are much mistaken, unprofitable also."

The criticism in the last paragraph was directed against the introduction in *Luke Somerton*,[1] "a new grand melodrama" which followed *Rienzi*, of "scenic effects and machinery never attempted in this building." In the second act came "the grand entry of Queen Anne, with her retinue, horses and foot, of 200 persons; and to give full effect to the Royal Procession the stage has been enlarged 100 feet, and an unrivalled stud of horses has been expressly engaged for this Drama." Dickens's predilection for those "good domestic dramas," *The Wreck Ashore* and *Victorine* had been avowed some months earlier in his notice of *The Dream at Sea*, and was evidently shared by the Adelphi audience. They proved to be among the most popular of Buckstone's plays.

While dashing off these ephemeral essays in dramatic criticism Dickens was supplying a series of tales and sketches, at an average rate of one a fortnight, to half a dozen different periodicals. Written under pressure in the intervals of more serious literary

[1] *Luke Somerton* was first presented on 19 January 1836 at the Adelphi.

work, his theatrical notices are not without interest in studying the development of his early journalistic style. It has been pointed out that some of his sketches were in the nature of short stories with a marked dramatic structure—" a sort of narrated farce."[1] " Many of these sketches are in the form of tales," wrote the reviewer of *Sketches by Boz* in the *Morning Chronicle* of 11 February 1836. " Several of them are so ingenious in their plot, so full of *vis comica*, and told in so dramatic a manner, that they want little more than a division into scenes to become excellent theatrical pieces. To one of them, ' The Bloomsbury Christening,' Mr. Buckstone is indebted for his very popular piece of *The Christening*, and the admirable tales, ' The Great Winglebury Duel,' ' The Boarding House,' ' Horatio Sparkins,' and the ' Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle,' are equally rich in dramatic material."

Whatever Buckstone's farce may have owed to Dickens's tale, we know that " The Great Winglebury Duel " was successfully adapted by its author for the stage as *The Strange Gentleman* soon after its publication in the first series of *Sketches by Boz*. And in reply to Hullah's offer, in 1835, to compose the music for an opera of which the libretto was to be written by Dickens, he wrote: " I have a little story by me which I have not yet published, which I think would dramatize well. If you approve of my idea, it is done in a twinkling."[2] The little story became *The Village Coquettes*.

It has long been recognized that the structure of more than one of Dickens's novels reveals an intimate knowledge of stagecraft, acquired over the years. The examples of his early work as a dramatic critic, here reprinted for the first time, provide a basis for assessing the extent to which he drew upon his experience in that capacity in the conception and treatment of some of those sprightly sketches which gave the reading public its first taste of his quality.

My thanks are due to Mr. Graham Storey, of Cambridge, for several valuable suggestions.

[1] Hilmer Nielsen in *The Dickensian*, XXXIV, 244 (Autumn 1938).
[2] *Letters* (Nonesuch ed.), I, 49.

DICKENSIAN DIARY

For the second year there is a welcome for a handsome Dickens Diary, edited by Mr. John Greaves, illustrated by charming sketches of Dickens scenes, and bound in quarter leather. Published by Franey & Co., Burgon St., London, E.C.4, at 2 guineas.

ELLEN TERNAN

Dickens Incognito, by Felix Aylmer. Rupert Hart Davis, 12*s.* 6*d.*

When Dickens was engaged upon his Readings in New York late in 1867, he lost a tiny pocket diary. By some means, not yet clear, it found its way into the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library, and it was there, in 1954, that I held it in the palm of my hand, which could easily conceal it. Two years before it had provided Professor Ada Nisbet with new material for her book *Dickens and Ellen Ternan*, deducing from it the key to a code in which Dickens, she argued, was to instruct Wills to arrange, or not to arrange, for Ellen Ternan to join him in America.

Miss Nisbet had written that, apart from this key, the diary consisted of only single line inconsequential entries. These were later examined by Mr. Felix Aylmer who found a large number of cryptic references to journeys to and from "Sl." This, he felt, could only mean Slough, then a small village near Windsor, and his long and painstaking investigations on that assumption, and all its implications, he has now published in a small book, *Dickens Incognito*. In it he has established beyond any reasonable doubt, that Dickens in 1866 took a house for Ellen Ternan in Slough, in the name of Tringham, which was the name of the rate-payer responsible for the house in which Miss Ternan lived at Peckham from 1867 till 1870, as first revealed by Thomas Wright in 1934. The diary shows that Ellen Ternan was accompanied at Slough by "M", which may refer to either her sister Maria, whose marriage had broken up in the previous year, or to her mother. For Mrs. Ternan had given up her London home at Houghton Place in 1865, although, as Mr. Aylmer points out, she was for long periods acting with Dickens's friend Charles Fechter at the Lyceum around this time.

Having established that Dickens had set up Ellen at Slough in January, 1866, Mr. Aylmer set out to interpret an enigmatic word in the diary, under date April 13th, 1867: "Arrival". In view of the allegation by Wright, and later by Miss Gladys Storey, that Ellen Ternan had borne Dickens a child or children, he proceeded on the assumption that "Arrival" might mean the birth of such a child.

No registration of such a birth dated April 13th, 1867, was to be found at Somerset House, but he found that on May 10th that year, a son had been born to Mrs. Elizabeth Tringham, the wife of a house-painter, at the York Road Hospital. Searching the admittedly complete records there, Mr. Aylmer wrote that there was nowhere to be found any record of this birth, and went on to deduce that the birth certificate was false and had been composed by Dickens and Ellen Ternan in order that their son, supposedly born a month earlier, could pass as the legitimate son of the Tringhams; and that it was with this plan in mind that Dickens had used the name of Tringham when he took the house at Slough for Ellen.

The hypotheses put forward in support of this theory need not now be gone into, for Mr. Graham Storey, co-editor of the forth-

coming Pilgrim Edition of Dickens's Letters, published in the *Sunday Times* of December 13th, shortly after the book had appeared, a photostat copy of the record of the child's birth in the registers of the York Road Hospital which Mr. Aylmer so unaccountably failed to find, and which he stated categorically was not there. It is clear that the birth certificate is perfectly in order and the child the legitimate son of Mrs. Tringham. Mr. Storey concludes his letter: " Mr. Aylmer's chief evidence for the elaborate plan of deception supposedly practised by Dickens therefore collapses. There is in fact no connection between Dickens and the house-painter and his wife, nor any evidence that the entry 'Arrival' in the diary for April 13th, 1867, which set Mr. Aylmer off on his search, has any reference whatever to the birth of a child."

Mr. Storey's letter in the *Sunday Times* was accompanied by one from Mr. Aylmer in which he says that his error calls from him " a very substantial apology ", and " as wide publicity for the correction as I can secure ".

It is understood that Mr. Aylmer is at work on a second edition of the book.

L.C.S.

ROSA DARTLE AND MRS. BROWN

By Margaret Cardwell

> . . . though Miss Dartle is curiously unpleasant, there are some natural traits in her (which Dickens's least life-like people are never without); and it was from one of his lady friends, very familiar to him indeed, he copied her peculiarity of never saying anything outright, but hinting it merely, and making more of it that way.
>
> (Forster, *Life of Charles Dickens*, 1876; VI. vii.)

THOUGH mention has more than once been made of Forster's comment in the *Life* on the partial genesis of Rosa Dartle, no one has apparently drawn attention to his further elucidation of the lady's identity. The Forster collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum Library contains two copies of the Charles Dickens edition of the novels, one with pencilled notes by Forster himself.[1] These vary in frequency and significance from novel to novel, ranging from a mere pencil line in the margin to critical comments and fly-leaf notes, picking out passages worthy of special notice and occasionally contributing an item of information. *David Copperfield* is one of the most fully annotated and it is here that Forster refers again to Rosa Dartle's origin. Twice the name " Mrs. Brown " appears in connexion with her : as a marginal note against her first speech in the novel (chapter 20, p. 177) just

1 My attention was first drawn to these volumes by Mrs. K. Tillotson.

after Dickens's allusion to her habit of hinting, and on the blank page at the end of Volume I, where he writes, " Mrs. Brown (Dartle) ". We may assume that " Mrs. Brown " is the " lady friend " referred to in the *Life*; moreover, for several reasons it seems likely that she is to be identified with the Mrs. Brown, formerly Hannah Meredith, who was first governess and then life-long, intimate friend of Angela Burdett-Coutts.

In the first place she has strong claims to be considered as " one of [Dickens's] lady friends, very familiar to him indeed ". Secondly, she had one remarkable characteristic in common with Rosa Dartle, a love of argument. This, indeed, is the trait which emerges most clearly from those letters of Dickens to Miss Burdett-Coutts which refer to her. For example, on November 12th, 1842, in a period of nervous irritability due to the agonies of plotting a new book, Dickens writes, " It is impossible for me to say how I should argue with Miss Meredith, under existing circumstances." (Edgar Johnson, *Letters from Charles Dickens to Angela Burdett-Coutts 1841-1865*, 1953, p. 40.) Again, in a letter of February 4th, 1850, he conveys a message to " the General Objector ":

> I wonder whether she would listen to any liberal proposal for a series of extracts from her journal, for my new Miscellany! We might call them " Passages in the life of a General Objector " —or " Scraps of my daily observation. By a shrewd Woman."

Johnson's note (p. 165) explains that " the General Objector " was " a facetious nickname for Mrs. Brown, with whom Dickens frequently argued on all sorts of subjects." A few months later, on April 12th, Dickens concludes an enthusiastic report of his project, *Household Words*, with the wry comment, " What a stock of objections Mrs. Brown must have got up against it by this time! " (p. 168) and Miss Coutts is labelled by him in a moment of exasperation (March 23rd, 1851) " as obstinate as——Mrs. Brown—— I can't say more " (p. 183). The impression of humour in these criticisms is strengthened by a letter of September 20th, 1852, in which, after remarking on Mrs. Brown's expected recovery from illness, Dickens concludes, " Heaven grant that it may be so, and that we may soon have Mrs. Brown in a good contradictory humour again! I long to have a disagreement with her " (p. 207). The manner of the references, together with the fact of their continued friendship, suggests that Mrs. Brown, as well as Dickens, enjoyed their encounters and her reputation as a " General Objector ", and this indication of a sense of humour is supported by Charles Osborne and, following him, Clara Burdett Patterson, who have written of Mrs. Brown in connexion with Miss Coutts and Dickens, the former in *The Dickensian*, 1927 (pp. 27-30), the latter in *Angela Burdett-Coutts and the Victorians*, 1953.

Here now is David, on the subject of Rosa Dartle, after his first meeting with her:

> Her own views of every question, and her correction of everything that was said to which she was opposed, Miss Dartle insinuated in the same way: sometimes, I could not conceal from myself, with great power, though in contradiction even of Steerforth.

It can be seen in this opening encounter that to Dickens Rosa Dartle's contrary ways and her habit of insinuation were two complementary aspects of the same trait. If we assume that this is how Forster also saw them, his reference to "hinting" and "making more of it that way" would include likewise the habit of contradiction.

The less pleasant side of Mrs. Brown's wilfulness shows in a

Mrs. Hannah Brown

letter to Georgina Hogarth of May 5th, 1856, in which Dickens writes:

> After crying several times: "Don't say that! Don't say that! It gives me such pain to hear you say anything that I can't agree with!" . . . she pulled out her pocket handkerchief and burst into showers upon showers of tears. (*Nonesuch Letters*, II, p. 770.)

It is unlikely that Dickens would have written as he did on this occasion, if this were the sole instance of Mrs. Brown's trying behaviour, and, indeed, two other references, one close in date to this, the other going back as early as August 5th, 1849, the time

when Dickens was writing Number V of *David Copperfield*, reinforce this hint of a queer, intense temperament, as painful to its owner as to others, and provoked in part, perhaps, by physical suffering. There is frequent mention of her friend's illnesses in the letters to Miss Coutts. The reference to Mrs. Brown's " temper " and its trial in the letter of August, 1849, may be compared with Mrs. Steerforth's remark to her son in chapter 29: " You should be careful not to irritate her, James. Her temper has been soured, remember, and ought not to be tried."

It is tantalising that there are no published letters relating to Mrs. Brown very near the date of Number VII of *David Copperfield*, in which Rosa Dartle makes her first appearance (finished about October 18th, 1849, published November). It would be interesting to know how Mrs. Brown's whimsical humour reacted to her association with a character so unlikeable and so vehemently opposed to Miss Coutts's sympathies, as seen in the work at Shepherd's Bush. The two letters which might possibly link her with this period of *David Copperfield* are too vague to constitute evidence of this specific connexion. The first, considered only because of its relative closeness in date (September 7th), is a letter from Dickens to Miss Burdett-Coutts on the subject of trouble at the Shepherd's Bush Home. A postscript adds, " What does Mrs. Brown say ? I must go (I think) and ask the Lime Burner what *he* says to it " (p. 151). Without identification of the Lime Burner—could this possibly be a glance at Dr. Brown's medical interests ?—it is hard to imagine his connexion with anything else in the letter, but it is at least a possibility that Mrs. Brown's opinion is sought on some topic hitherto unmentioned, but so obvious both to her and to Dickens as to need no further explanation—such as, for example, a suggestion that he should " borrow " her in the creation of his new character. If this is so, there is no record of Mrs. Brown's—or the Lime Burner's—reply, but it is interesting to note in relation to this point that there was apparently some indecision in Dickens's mind as to whether he should introduce Mrs. Steerforth into Number VII. Without Mrs. Steerforth there would be no Rosa Dartle. Dickens's memoranda for this number (see J. Butt and K. Tillotson, *Dickens at Work*, 1957, frontispiece and pp. 136-7) show that he wrote " Steerforth's mother ? " followed by " Yes " and that the " Yes " was then crossed out. Since the memoranda were apparently written before the number was begun, this suggests some time in late September for Dickens's deliberations about Mrs. Steerforth. One can only surmise whether Mrs. Brown's willingness to be included helped Dickens to his decision; one fact, however, emerges clearly, as Professor Butt points out: Rosa Dartle, who has no mention at all in the memoranda, occupies a prominent place in the chapter summary, probably written after the conclusion of the number (*Dickens at Work*, pp. 26, 138). It seems that she assumed importance as the chapter was written.

The other letter which seems to connect Mrs. Brown specially with *David Copperfield* is one written by Dickens to Miss Coutts on October 23rd, 1850, just after the completion of the novel. The letter concludes with the words, " I beg my regards to Mr.

and Mrs. Brown. I hope " She " will like the close of the story—to say nothing of *You* ! " (p. 178). The manner of writing " She " in inverted commas, instead of the usual form of emphasis as in " *You*! ", attaches peculiar significance to the word, implying that both for writer and readers it meant more than a mere substitute for " Mrs. Brown ".

Two other possibilities suggest themselves: Mrs. Brown may have been consulted personally, not through the medium of letters; or, simply, she may not have been consulted at all. Though it may not be altogether easy to accept Mrs. Brown's sanctioning of her connexion with so unattractive a character, nevertheless, there are objections against the supposition that Dickens banked on her not recognising herself. In the first place, Rosa Dartle was emphatically not a portrait of Mrs. Brown, as Forster is careful to point out. There are only " some natural traits in her " and it was only one peculiarity, not in itself unpleasant, which Dickens copied from his " lady friend ". Mrs. Brown may, therefore, have been quite willing to serve in this way, so long as it was not publicly assumed that she was Rosa Dartle. Secondly, it is unlikely that she would not have recognised so prominent a characteristic, particularly appearing in a novel in which she and Miss Coutts were so closely interested, yet there is no evidence of repercussions after the Rosa Dartle number. Thirdly, Mrs. Brown was still alive when Forster's *Life* was published. If Dickens had managed to conceal his borrowing, or if there had been any unpleasantness connected with it, it is highly unlikely that Forster would be so indiscreet as to afford it such casual mention.

Finally, there is a specific link between Mrs. Brown and one other of Dickens's sketches from life, Mrs. Gamp. It is widely known that the character of Mrs. Gamp was based on the peculiarities of a nurse who was for a short time employed by Miss Burdett-Coutts to look after Miss Meredith during an illness, and whose oddities were described to Dickens, apparently with great vivacity and humour, by the two ladies. Mrs. Gamp appeared in the October Number of *Martin Chuzzlewit* in 1843. Three years later, in October, 1846, Dickens wrote to Miss Coutts:

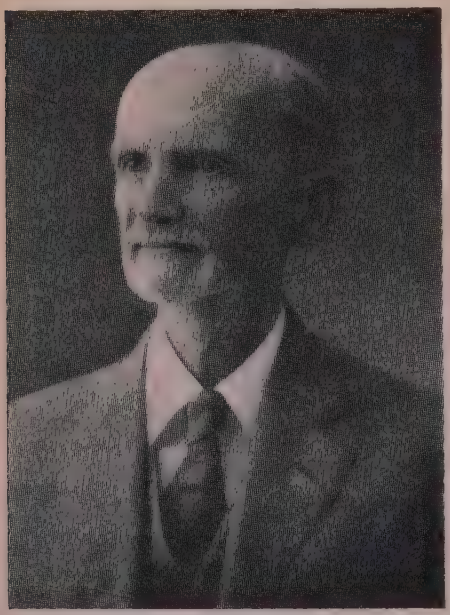
> Mr. and Mrs. Brown are well, I hope. I don't wish Mrs. Brown would be ill again, but I wish she would do something, which would lead to her suggesting another character to me, as serviceable as Mrs. Gamp (p. 88).

It seems likely that, when another three years had passed, Mrs. Brown had performed just that service. In October, 1849, Dickens was busy creating the character of Rosa Dartle.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD AND CHARLES DICKENS

By R. Lawrence Capon,
Northeastern University, Boston, Mass.

WHEN in 1932 Gamaliel Bradford died at the age of 72 near Boston, Massachusetts, he completed a fifty-year literary career in which he had carried out a formidable reading program in some half dozen ancient and modern languages[1] and had written over two thousand poems, fifteen plays, eight novels, considerable if scattered criticism, twenty-three volumes of his Journal, fifty-seven volumes of letters addressed to some five thousand correspondents, a short and long version of an autobiography, and the thirty odd volumes of biography and psychography which had made him the dean of American biographers.[2] It may be of interest to learn what this New England man of letters,[3] active in five decades which closely followed Dickens's death, thought of the English novelist. As a critic,[4] Bradford had the comfortable habit of writing chiefly on subjects that pleased him. The result was a series of critical essays in which whole periods of English and American literature were largely neglected.[5] Dickens, unfortunately, as a Victorian belonged to a category for which Bradford, particularly in his later years, had a strong aversion. Thus, to the best of my knowledge, Bradford left only a few brief and general passages on the work of Dickens.



Gamaliel Bradford

[1] Van Wyck Brooks calls Bradford "one of the great readers, in the classical sense of the phrase . . ." (*The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford*, 1883-1932, ed. by Van Wyck Brooks (1933) p. 8.)

[2] Most of the poems, plays, and novels remained unpublished. Van Wyck Brooks edited one-volume selections from the Journal and the letters. Except for certain magazine articles and reviews, of which Bradford himself had lost track, the Bradford writings, published and unpublished, are to be found in the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

[3] Bradford's New England quality is accented by the fact that from 1909 to 1918 he contributed more lines to *The Atlantic Monthly*, one of the oldest and most distinguished American literary magazines, than did any other writer. (Gamaliel Bradford, *Journal*, 1918-1919, p. 93.)

[4] Bradford may be said to have won his critical spurs at the age of twenty-eight when he was responsible, in Pater's own words, for "a large number of corrections and changes" in the 1891 edition of *Marius the Epicurean* which was sold in America. (Quoted in Preface, *The Letters of Gamaliel Bradford*, 1918-1931, ed. by Van Wyck Brooks (1934), p. 7.)

[5] In English literature, for example, Bradford has little to say about the medieval period, Restoration drama, and eighteenth-century poetry, fiction, and drama.

If Bradford scarcely mentions Dickens by name in the opening years of his Journal, he does include in 1884 comments on the contemporary novel which suggests a basis for his reticence. With a slight variation on a Goethian phrase, Bradford defines the novel as subjective drama and suggests that the subjectivity of the novel has recommended it to an age which neglects drama. Bradford then observes that, since it is much easier to invent a plot than to fill out character, the novel, like the drama, too easily falls into the sentimental and the melodramatic. Thus, " most modern novels are nothing but a succession of pyrotechnic tricks " carelessly put together.[1] Not surprisingly, Bradford finds that the novel and music, which is also highly subjective, have this questionable advantage: they can be at the same time poor and attractive; i.e., they can please the most uneducated taste more easily than can other art forms and hence are more adaptable in an age which tries to elevate the masses. The greatest danger for a novelist, Bradford concludes, is that he condescend to please the public with mere prettiness.[2] These comments from young Bradford—he was barely twenty-one—sound like natural reactions for one of his background and literary tastes to the novels of the Dickens-Collins-Reade school then in vogue.

The first more-than-passing reference to Dickens, which seems to have come about 1906 in an essay called " Mid-Nineteenth Century Realism," has a protest related to that of 1884. Thus Bradford observes that if Thackeray's realism is affected by sentimentality, Dickens's is " perpetually colored by what we may perhaps call his theatrical imagination." Though his imagination is rich, warm, and vivid, it is theatrical he never loses himself in his work but keeps " one eye . . . on the drama, the other on the audience." All his characters are affected.

> Often they are drawn with a startling truth of detail which makes them seem to walk right out of the canvas. But . . . in every one the natural qualities are heightened, overstrained, intensified for the sake of effect.

His pathos is also theatrical, his humor less so. Even Dickens's sympathy for the downtrodden is weaker than his wish to tell a dramatic story.[3] Bradford, however, has praise for Dickens's style,

> the most wonderful of all his wonderful gifts. It is brilliant, subtle, glittering, fanciful . . . It can put color and radiance into even a London fog. But, like so much of Victor Hugo's prose, which it in many ways resembles, in spite of all its glamor and of all its splendor, it has the fatal defect of ringing false.[4]

A weakness of this essay is that Bradford does not give specific illustrations of his general statements.

In an unpublished and undated manuscript called " Notes for Classes and Lectures," written perhaps around 1909, Bradford emphasises Dickens's sympathy in contrast with Thackeray's lack of sympathy for low life and manners. He goes on to point out the way Dickens smothers his story under an amazing variety

1 Gamaliel Bradford, *Journal*, 1883-1884, p. 101.
2 *Ibid*, p. 103.
3 " Mid-Nineteenth Century Realism," *The Reader*, September, 1906, p. 453.
4 *Ibid.*

of characters and episodes, a variety found only in English literature. If the art displayed is somewhat "vulgar,"[1] it has a superb brilliance that suggests a particular favorite of Bradford's, the Elizabethan John Fletcher. Though Dickens's humor is violent and exaggerated, it is still "delicious" everywhere. Bradford finds that Dickens lacks a general view of life but does have a strong moral bent. Dickens's crowning excellence, Bradford here asserts, is his sympathy for the poor and humble.[2]

As the years passed, Bradford's prejudices against nineteenth-century literature hardened. In a letter of 1923 he at least has the grace to be self-conscious about his stand. "Thackeray and Dickens leave me as cold as Carlyle and Ruskin, which is a disheartening admission to make, but so it is."[3] Ten months later Bradford writes to another friend that he finds "the whole Victorian group . . . incurably artificial in their outlook upon life."[4]

In 1928 Bradford was asked to write an introduction to *The Man Charles Dickens*, the psychographic study by Edward Wagenknecht. Though Dr. Wagenknecht has no copy of the draft Bradford prepared, he remembers that one passage needed to be altered.[5] In the published Introduction, Bradford wisely keeps chiefly to the psychographic method and its application in the book, but near the end he cannot resist the pressure of his own feelings about Dickens. Thus, after noting that in the Wagenknecht portrait Dickens emerges as a man of genius, "a lofty figure and a lovable one," Bradford speculates on the probable nature of a portrait he himself might do about the Englishman.

> For reasons too long to analyse here, almost all the Victorians are antipathetic to me, and none is more so than Dickens. If I were making a psychograph of him, my keynote would be that, in spite of his undeniable vigor and power, his whole work lacked veracity. I should, then, with all the aid of evidence that Mr. Wagenknecht uses, but applying and probably distorting it to suit my view, endeavor to trace and establish this strain of inveracity in the man himself, carrying it back, as it seems to me, into the essential conditions and character of the English period in which he lived.[6]

Dr. Wagenknecht's memory of the offending passage seems to prove that Bradford kept the rejected draft in his own papers. Thus in the Bradford papers called "Editorials and Reviews" we find what was apparently the original version of the second and third sentences in the quotation just given.

> If I were making a psychograph of him, my key-note would be that, in spite of his undeniable vigor and power, his whole work was essentially artificial and false, down to the minutest detail of touch. I should, then, with all the aid of evidence

1 The word is not clear in the manuscript.
2 "Notes for Classes and Lectures," n.d., n.p.
3 *Letters of Gamaliel Bradford, 1918-1931*, ed. by Van Wyck Brooks (1934), p. 149.
4 *Ibid*, p. 195.
5 Conversation of July 8th, 1958.
6 Edward Wagenknecht, *The Man Charles Dickens* (1929), p. 13.

that Mr. Wagenknecht uses, but applying and probably distorting it to suit my view, endeavor to trace and establish this strain of artificiality and falsity in the man himself . . .[1]

The question naturally arises as to why Bradford felt as he did about the Victorians in general and Dickens in particular. My attempt at an answer in the remainder of this article is based on an intensive and prolonged study of Bradford the man and the writer.[2]

Gamaliel Bradford, a direct descendant of the Old Pilgrim governor and son of a Boston banker who retired with a fortune won before the age of forty, lost his mother when he was three years old and was brought up by his father and a paternal aunt.[3] In his middle years Bradford looked back on the early days as a prelude to an unhappy life, at that point gallantly putting the blame chiefly on his own inner nature.[4] A fuller and more impartial analysis, however, would also emphasise the general atmosphere of his native Boston and the attitudes of his devoted but not-too-discerning elders. His aunt's excessive piety, for example, was a main factor in driving young Bradford from organised Protestantism into the scepticism of Sainte-Beuve and Jules Lemaitre. His father's aggressive practical spirit put the young idealist on the defensive against the growing materialism of the post-Civil War period.[5] In common with many other young American intellectuals, Bradford, finding little of value in the native writing, turned to European literature. For Bradford, this shift was particularly to the old Greek and the Elizabethan drama, the French prose writers of the nineteenth century, and such romantic pessimists as Sénancour and Leopardi. Bradford had inherited what he described as both Puritan and Renaissance traits, but the dominant, essentially introverted Bradford temperament, along with indulgent elders, poor health, and unfailing financial security conspired to keep him in a sheltered life. The result of this mixture of heredity and early environment, a result aggravated especially by Bradford's growing realisation that he lacked creative genius,[6] was, I believe, an inner conflict which inhibited Bradford both as an artist and as a critic. Bradford failed in nearly half a century of struggle to achieve fame in poetry or creative pose—a struggle in which the fact that the economic wolf was never at the door made the experience all the more humiliating to the Bradford conscience and contributed to a nervous breakdown in the late 1890's. At the age of fifty Bradford at last won recognition in biography, particularly in the capsule

[1] *Editorials and Reviews, V.*, p. 69.

[2] Especially in the preparation of my dissertation, *Gamaliel Bradford as Literary Critic, with Particular Reference to Elizabethan Drama*, completed as a requirement for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, Boston University, Boston, Massachusetts, 1955.

[3] Sarah Bradford, who left a teaching career she hated to take charge of her brother's household. (Gamaliel Bradford, *Autobiography* (longer version), pp. 34-35.)

[4] Bradford describes his "inward weakness and impotence" as "utter lack of thought control, of happy and fortunate mastery over the inner and spiritual world which is more the key to happiness than any arrangement or concatenation of outward circumstances that the kindliest divinity could devise." (*Autobiography* (longer version), p. 383.)

[5] Gamaliel Bradford, Senior, for example, could see nothing in the philosophy of Emerson, which, for a time, Gamaliel Bradford, Junior, almost revered. *The Letters of Gamaliel Bradford, 1918-1931*, ed. by Van Wyck Brooks (1934), p. 360.

[6] At nineteen Bradford had sworn to write great poetry or die in the attempt. (Dale Warren, "Gamaliel Bradford: A Personal Sketch," reprinted from *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, XXXII, No. 1 [Jan., 1933], 13.)

form he called psychography. He remained, however, the frustrated poet who often questioned the validity of his literary career.[1]

Out of such a background what factors made Bradford detest the Victorians? First, I believe, was the pressure of unhappy early memories which he associated directly or indirectly with the Victorian Age itself. Again, the experience which culminated in the breakdown of the 1890's made him doubt the honesty of the self-assurance and the confident generalisations which were at once alien and tempting to his own Bradford nature and were so characteristic of many Victorians. Related in origin and substance to this fear of the general was Bradford's exaggerated distrust of anything that smacked of obscurity which, for example, he noted in Browning, Carlyle, and Meredith. Bradford did not seem to realise that these writers were grappling with the most confusing social order then known to man. In addition, Bradford, who hoped that he might record his age in a great comic epic after the tradition of a John Fletcher or a Lord Byron,[2] resented the fact that English literature was then dominated by a prose which, he felt, could not match the urbane beauty of contemporary French prose. Meanwhile, Bradford was perhaps too young and too close to the Victorian Age to realise the truth of a statement made by Clarence R. Decker in his recent reassessment of the Victorian writers:

> It is the curious paradox of Victorianism that the great Victorians were strenuously anti-Victorian, and that the period they created, particularly in literature, was one of fertile achievement and vigorous protest—protest against materialism and complacency, against aesthetic and moral blindness.[3]

Ironically enough, these were the very targets of Bradford's early criticism. Further, in later years particularly, Bradford's literary tastes ran largely along traditional lines. Thus he was not amenable to Victorian experiments in poetry and prose.[4] In other words, Bradford came to dislike some Victorian literature because of both its subject matter and its technique.

Finally, in this general area, more than one critic suggested—and Bradford himself was not unaware of the idea—that the American disliked the Victorians because he was himself so much a Victorian.[5] Thus, for all his youthful fervor against Victorian philistines, in most respects he too came to live the life of a careful, respectable Victorian gentleman—indeed, in his later years he was amused to realise how much he shared the very qualities of his father which had once irritated the son. Bradford's literary Victorianism is shown, for example, in his writing vocabulary, his distrust of the Restoration drama, his reservations about the eighteenth-century English novel, and his essentially biased

[1] He never convinced himself, for example, that biography is as true literary art as poetry or drama.

[2] See, for example, *The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford*, 1883-1932, ed. by Van Wyck Brooks (1933), p. 125, and *The Letters of Gamaliel Bradford*, 1918-1931, ed. by Van Wyck Brooks (1934), p. 11.

[3] *The Victorian Conscience* (1952), p. 11.

[4] One of the reasons Bradford gave up Browning was his increasing antipathy for the poet's metrical experiments. Carlyle's prose style, of course, was also suspect.

[5] In a letter of 1924, for example, Bradford notes that Percy Boynton, in *Contemporary Americans*, has called him a Victorian with not an idea later than 1850. (*The Letters of Gamaliel Bradford*, 1918-1931, ed. by Van Wyck Brooks (1934), pp. 195-196.)

criticism of such unVictorian American writers as Whitman and Mark Twain.

Turning to Dickens specifically, one can suggest plausible reasons for Bradford's liking the Englishman's work: childhood memories of his father's reading aloud most of the Dickens novels;[1] Bradford's own creative experience in and his long critical experience with the novel,[2] and, in later years, his distaste for the coldly naturalistic specimens of the day which were so different from those of Dickens; and Dickens's revolt against the philistinism of the age which had so unsettled Bradford's own early life. But the Dickens novels were only a small part of the reading aloud and, for various reasons, found the boy in none too receptive a mood;[3] Bradford's own career as a novelist was a frustrating one; and Bradford, like many other educated readers of the day, did not perceive the full range and power of Dickens's social criticism. In the later years, as we have seen, Bradford's emotional and mental block against the Victorians would not let him try Dickens again.

Meanwhile, strong factors were working more positively against Bradford's approval of Dickens. During Bradford's formative years there was, of course an intellectual snobbery which despised Dickens as a mere pot-boiling, if gifted, entertainer. Young Bradford, with ties to Boston, Cambridge, and Concord literary circles, was not immune to such an influence.[4] This critical snobbery was aided and abetted by the revolt of the younger generation against Victorian ideas which seemed at variance with the new scientific, economic, and religious thinking—thinking hardly in accord with at least the conventional view of the England Dickens celebrated.

There were also more personal reasons. In his early life, as we have seen, Bradford was constantly fighting ill health and a mental depression that had several causes, not the least of which was his failure to achieve prompt and substantial literary success. The meteoric Dickens career was hardly a congenial subject for the American who had never had to work for a penny and who, having left college to concentrate on a literary career, had struggled some thirty years before winning recognition. The Dickens art had a number of features which irritated the older Bradford; for example, the use of an English social setting which seems to have lacked appeal for the American,[5] the romantic exuberance in style, in structure, and in characterisation, and the amazingly detailed realism which represented a life experience much more far-reaching than his own. Strangely enough, Bradford did not sense certain key resemblances between Victorian writers and his beloved Elizabethans. He could admire the creative power, the infectious ebullience, and the compelling sincerity of a *Hamlet*

1 Gamaliel Bradford, *Letters*, XXXIX (1928), 137.

2 Besides writing many reviews of novels, Bradford for years read a weekly fiction quota for the Boston Public Library.

3 Perhaps the most convincing proof is the lack of references to Dickens in the early Journal pages which began when Bradford was about fifteen.

4 Bradford was related by marriage to the Emerson family and members of the Harvard circle in Cambridge. When Matthew Arnold lectured at Harvard, Bradford went to meet him with an introduction from Oliver Wendell Holmes.

5 During his three trips to Europe, Bradford visited England only the first time. Except for youthful romantic memories of Stratford-on-Avon, Bradford's impressions of Europe were centered in Italy.

or a *Bartholomew Fair* but not that of a *Pickwick Papers* or a *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Dickens has been in his grave almost ninety years, Bradford just over a quarter of a century. Taking the long view, it is too soon, of course, to know the final standing of either writer, but time, certainly, has been much kinder to the Englishman. Dickens now stands firmly in the very front rank of great novelists; Bradford's position, even as an experimenter in biography, is uncertain.[1] If Bradford's genius had been at all comparable with that of Dickens, the American who, on his own testimony, spent too much of his time shadow boxing with chimeras, still needed the sting of more raw life experience: he had no memories of a blacking factory, a debtors' prison, or even a Maria Beadnell.[2] Bradford's willful neglect of Dickens, I believe, was but another indication of the way he rejected in his own writing certain vital areas of life.[3]

1 At present Dr. Edward Wagenknecht is called the only active disciple of Bradford's psychographic method.
2 Bradford's own marriage was idyllic.
3 Ironically enough, since as a biographer Bradford was known for his unfailing courtesy and his broad sympathies.

NOTE ON WATTS PHILLIPS, DRAMATIST

Supplementing the admirable article " Dickens and The Dead Heart " by Carl R. Dolmetsch in the last issue of *The Dickensian*, it should be mentioned that Watts Phillips was the author of other successful plays as well as of " The Dead Heart " at the Adelphi. " Lost in London " produced at the same theatre March 16th, 1867, proved a definite success, the number of performances given during the first run being only slightly less than those of " The Dead Heart." Both plays were revived several times. " Lost in London " was in the repertory of the stock companies and toured throughout the country until after the end of the century. It must have made considerably more money than " The Dead Heart," granted that royalties were paid. Another of the two dozen plays by Watts Phillips that registered success was " Camilla's Husband " in which Frederick Robson played his last original part. It was produced at the Olympic on November 22nd, 1862.

MALCOLM MORLEY

THE THIRD ANTIQUARIAN BOOK FAIR

Booklovers are confidently recommended to visit the increasingly important Antiquarian Book Fair which will again be held this year at the National Book League, 7 Albermarle Street, London, W.1., from April 27th until May 6th. Approximately forty London and country booksellers will be exhibiting and everything shown will be for sale.

THE THEATRICAL TERNANS

Part VII

By Malcolm Morley

PRESENT at Maria's marriage to William Rowland Taylor was her Uncle William, brother of her father Thomas Ternan, and one of twenty children, nineteen of whom were boys. Not all of them had survived their childhood in Ireland: families were large in those days, as if to offset the high rate of infant mortality. William Ternan, who had left his native land for England, was a great favourite with his three nieces, Fanny, Maria and Ellen. An easy presumption is that he and Dickens met many times at 2 Houghton Place where William's sister-in-law presided.

Old Mrs. Trollope died in Florence on October 6th, 1863. Naturally the news had distressed Fanny. It brought a flood of memories, recollections of the months she had spent in Italy and of her talks with the departed novelist whom she had so much admired. More than ever Fanny wanted to emulate Frances Trollope and write, to be creative in the field of literature, to set down the many stories teeming in her brain. She was content to have fulfilled her wish to be a *prima donna* and to have sung outstanding soprano rôles in great operas. She had tasted some of the sweets of success and experienced some of the disappointments attendant upon achievement. Though she loved music Fanny no longer cared for the nomadic existence in touring opera companies where, from town to town, her voice was worn and torn nightly. Now she was taking concert engagements as a solo vocalist, avoiding the fatigue of constant travelling. And she rejoiced in the shelter of a home shared with her mother and Ellen. In addition to her concert work Fanny was giving singing lessons to a number of pupils and teaching Italian, a language in which she had become proficient during her stay in Italy. Imparting knowledge was an accomplishment not unknown to the family. A few years previously some of the Ternans had conducted a Ladies School at 28 Rochester Road in Camden Town. Ever busy Fanny occupied her spare time with pen and paper, both in verse and prose. The creative urge would never desert her though the medium might change. She had no regrets at parting from Opera. The art of the singer was more ephemeral than that of the story-teller.

It was Mrs. Trollope who had introduced Spiritualism, the subject that obsessed her, to Fanny. The girl, influenced by the novelist, had nursed an interest in psychic phenomena. A perplexed enquirer, she sought explanations of the unknown. Uncle William would tell of an experience he had never forgotten. As a boy of eight or nine he lived with his parents in Dublin. His grandmother, Mrs. Lawless, resided in her own cottage at Rathcoole some distance from the city. There was an occasion when the boy in his Dublin home ran up the stairs to the drawing room where his mother, the daughter of Mrs. Lawless, was seated and asked, " Where is Grandmother ? " "At Rathcoole," said his mother. " She is here, I have just seen her on the stairs," he

replied. There was no mistaking his description of the old lady in her antique costume, richly brocaded with flowered silks, and her high-heeled shoes. She had died at exactly the hour she had been visible to the boy. Fanny listened to the story and, in turn, would relate it to others. And although his experience had made an unforgettable impression on William Ternan, throughout his long life he would never admit there was such a thing as a ghost or a supernatural appearance.

Houghton Place was minus Maria. Marriage had taken her from the fold: a marriage that was not giving her the happiness she had expected. Her husband, from all accounts, was selfish, indifferent and, at times, intolerable. Soon it was evident their union brought neither comfort or joy to them. William Taylor went his own way, leaving his wife to go hers. Perhaps Maria was no patient Griselda to await her lord's return. She had little idea of going back to the stage but, instead, plunged into other interests and occupations. Among her several talents was that of painting. To this she seriously applied herself, searching an anodyne for the disillusion of her marriage. It was remunerative too. From her brush she was able to earn more than mere pin-money as a professional portrait painter. William Rowland Taylor drifted out of her life completely. His brother Wellington, a solicitor, however, was to remain a lasting friend of the Ternans and to shed legal light upon many of their problems, financial and otherwise.

Dickens must have missed the mirthful Maria from the family circle when he visited Houghton Place. Though mostly at Gad's Hill with his daughter Mary (Mamie) and his sister-in-law Georgina, he would be in London from time to time at the editorial office of *All the Year Round*. Whenever he felt that he had worked too much or was on the eve of overdoing it and wanted a change, he made short trips to France, mostly to Paris. During the spring of each year it was the custom of Dickens to rent a temporary abode in town so as to be nearer his office and to keep in closer contact with various friends, one of whom was the actor Charles Fechter, who had recently gone into management at the Lyceum. He was greatly interested in Fechter's venture and the actor would consult him about plays and the policy to be pursued at the theatre. The locality chosen by Dickens for his London stay would generally be near Hyde Park and in 1865 he rented a furnished house at 16 Somers Place for Georgina, Mary and himself. One may infer he was not displeased to be within calling distance of the Ternans. They, too, may have called at Somers Place. Ellen had been down to Gad's Hill and been introduced to Georgina, thus beginning an enduring friendship between the two. She was always spoken of by Georgina as " dearest Ellen ".

Returning from a week's vacation in Paris, Dickens was involved in a terrible railway accident near Staplehurst on June 9th, 1865, during the journey from Folkestone to London on what was called the Tidal Express. There was no definite time schedule, the train being run by the South-Eastern Railway at an hour to conform with the arrival of the boat from Boulogne. Repair work

was taking place on a bridge over a stream and there was a gap in the rails of some forty feet. Detonators should have been sounded on the line warning the engine driver of danger ahead. Owing to somebody's mistake the detonators were not used and the train, at thirty miles an hour, went straight on and over the gap. The engine and foremost carriages reached the further side of the stream. The back couplings broke and the remaining coaches ran down the bank, some overturning, some being smashed. Ten people were killed in the tragedy and forty-nine injured.

Dickens was in one of the carriages that jumped the gap and, at the time, was going through his manuscript of an instalment of *Our Mutual Friend*. Describing the event in a letter to Thomas Mitton he wrote: "Two ladies were my fellow-passengers, an old one and a young one. This is exactly what passed. You may judge from it the precise length of the suspense: Suddenly we were off the rail, and beating the ground as the car of a half-emptied balloon might. The old lady cried out, 'My God,' and the young one screamed. I caught hold of them both (the old lady sat opposite and the young one on my left), and said: 'We can't help ourselves, but we can be quiet and composed. Pray don't cry out.' The old lady immediately answered: 'Thank you. Rely upon me. Upon my soul I will be quiet.' We were then all tilted down together in a corner of the carriage, and stopped. I said to them thereupon: 'You may be sure nothing worse can happen. Our danger must be over. Will you remain here without stirring, while I get out of the window?' They both answered quite collectedly, 'Yes,' and I got out without the least notion what had happened." The letter continued with an account of the damage done and the casualties suffered.

The young lady mentioned was Ellen Ternan and the old lady, it may not unreasonably be surmised, was her mother. The carriage would, no doubt, have been reserved for the three travelling together and, in all likelihood, locked to prevent the intrusion of other passengers. Dickens, once he was outside, shouted to one of the guards for the man's key. After seeing to the safety of the ladies and assisting in the rescue of the trapped and wounded, he remembered the manuscript of *Our Mutual Friend* and hastened back to the carriage for it. The ordeal at Staplehurst could not be other than a great shock to Dickens. His nerves were seriously affected and his health never the same afterwards. The sight of the dying and the dead rested in his mind continually. But for that painful and ghastly experience he might well have lived longer. The world could have been given Dickens's own solution to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

Changes in the domestic arrangements of the Ternans were to occur. Family funds did not allow for the upkeep of a London residence with a dozen or more rooms. The house in Houghton Place was to be given up. Maria was no longer living there and Fanny would often be away when she was engaged in teaching. Mrs. Ternan had the theatre in her blood. She welcomed any excuse to return to the stage and now there was the need of supplementing the family budget. The opportunity soon came

along. Fechter's new season at the Lyceum had opened none too auspiciously on November 6th with a cut and thrust melodrama *The Watch Cry* and he was putting *The Master of Ravenswood*, an adaptation by J. Palgrave Simpson of Walter Scott's novel *The Bride of Lammermoor*, into rehearsal. Dickens, as enthusiastic as ever about anything connected with the theatre, was revising the script and making substantial alterations. Fechter, the great romantic of his day, had cast himself for Edgar Ravenswood and Carlotta Leclercq, his leading lady, for Lucy Ashton. Dickens suggested that Mrs. Ternan be invited to take a small but effective character in the play and she, feeling the thrill of facing the footlights once again, had little hesitation in accepting. *The Master of Ravenswood* was produced on December 23rd, 1865, and ran alternately with *Hamlet* until May 18th of the next year. As Blind Alice, the veteran actress showed she was still mistress of her art. In *Hamlet* she did not play her accustomed rôle of Gertrude, that was in the possession of Miss Elsworthy, but when *The Corsican Brothers* was revived on May 21st she acted a part with which she had been long familiar, the Countess dei Franchi (Madame Sevilia), mother of the twin brothers in this story from the Dumas mint. The final performance of the drama was on June 29th, 1866, a date that marked the last stage appearance of the elder Frances Eleanor Ternan.

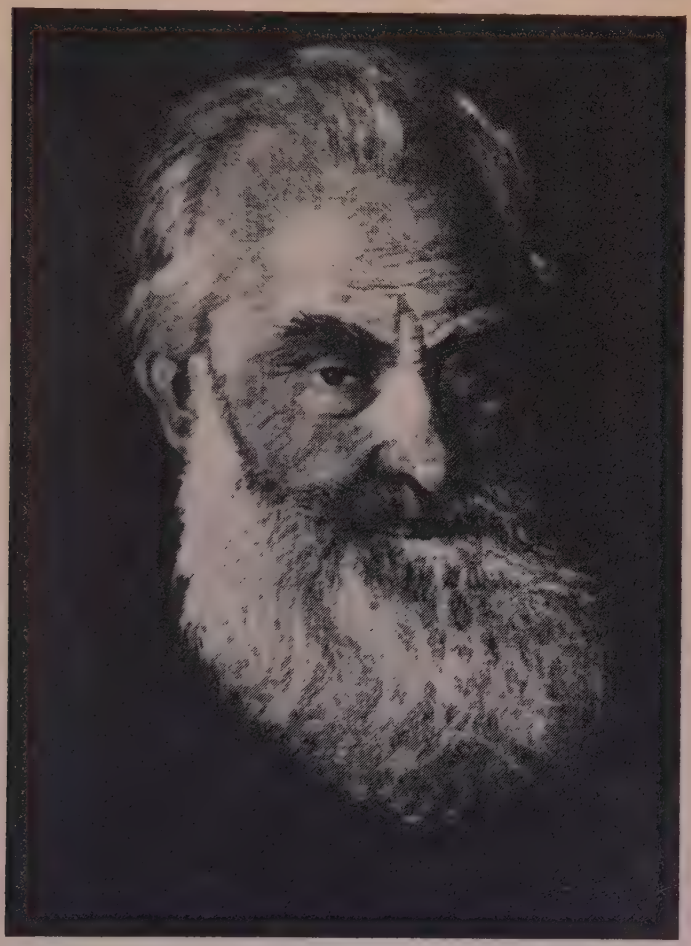
After the death of Mrs. Trollope in Florence her son, Tom, was to lose his wife, Theodosia, who died on April 13th, 1865, a victim of consumption. He was left with the care of their daughter, Bice, a child of twelve. The poor man could not think what to do with the girl. Anthony Trollope arrived in Florence to console his brother and ended by taking Bice with him back to England where she was to stay with him and his wife Rose at Waltham Cross. Tom was not left alone. Alfred Austin, the future poet laureate, was a guest for a short while and encouraged him to proceed with *The History of Florence* he had been engaged in writing and which, for practical reasons, should be resumed and finished.

But Tom could not work in the Villa Trollopino where every nook and corner spoke of Theodosia. Taking himself in hand he sold the Villa and purchased a tumble-down old house at Ricorboli on a hill outside Florence. There he lived in glorious disorder surrounded by his fourteen thousand volumes waiting for a library to be constructed. Bice was back from England and had a French governess who was living in the house. As chaperone, an essential requirement of society at that date, Mrs. Austin, with her husband Alfred, were invited to stay, or rather camp, there. Tom really needed a second wife: such was the opinion of his relatives and the matchmakers. So a plot was hatched.

When Bice's governess left in the spring of 1866, probably because of the domestic chaos, it seemed the given moment for Anthony and Rose to select somebody for the position, somebody who might also fill the matrimonial vacancy. Fanny Ternan, whom they knew to be attached to both Bice and her father, was asked if she would go to Ricorboli as companion-governess. She did not readily consent. There was a novel she was finishing and

she had hopes that Dickens would print it in *All the Year Round*. However, the fact that sister Maria, unsettled in her movements, had settled in Florence for a spell, finally decided her to accept the proffered situation. The plot had progressed.

The new governess (companion) arrived in May. Alfred Austin wrote of her: " Though thoroughly feminine in every respect, she



Tom Trollope
from a portait in oils by Maria Ternan

had an almost masculine mind in the sphere of serious intellectual deliberation. To this she added other gifts." Tom soon realised the worth of Fanny. He was fifty-six and she thirty-one but, no matter, they delighted in each other's company as had been anticipated by Anthony and his wife.

Fanny's novel *Aunt Margaret's Troubles*, her first to be published, appeared anonymously as a serial in *All the Year Round*

from July 14th until August 18th, 1866. It is a simple sentimental story of two sisters, both in love with the same man. Characterisation is good and the tale moves leisurely and naturally to a somewhat muted climax. The description of the younger sister with her clustering curls and her changing moods might well have been applied to Maria. And the two young people, who wed one day and sail to America the next, definitely echoes the history of Fanny's own father and mother. The novel was afterwards issued in book form and went into several editions. It bore the dedication, "This little story is affectionately dedicated to E.L.T." (Ellen Lawless Ternan.)

What was a foregone conclusion came about on July 31st when Fanny and Tom realised their feelings and exchanged lovers' vows. The date is inscribed in a copy of one of her novels. On October 29th, 1866, the two were married in Paris. Maria journeyed with the bride and bridegroom from Ricorboli and Mrs. Ternan came from England. Anthony and Rose Trollope also attended the ceremony. Their plot had been successful.

To be continued

A CHILDREN'S *LIFE OF DICKENS* [1]

It should be gratefully acknowledged by all those who have so long awaited a child's life of Dickens, successfully combining accurate biography with tastefully appropriate selectivity, that Miss Peare has accomplished all of this and something more.

Although generally excellent, the best part of this little book is that which deals with the boy Dickens (31 pages). While drawing freely from Forster, Langton, and Edgar Johnson, she has filled in the lost detail by the imaginative re-creation of scenes to further illuminate the highlights of little Charles's childhood. Deftly, and without condescension, she has constructed for Mrs. John Dickens a plausible character, a character which demonstrates her to be more stern and restrictive than her husband but, at the same time, more tender and more humane than her son's bitter remarks in adult life admit.

Catherine Peare has given her young readers a boy Dickens as sensitive and responsive as the older Dickens claimed he was in his autobiographical fragment (a part of which she artfully incorporates into her own narrative). It is especially gratifying that she has dispassionately modified Dickens's point of view to preserve of it only that which is finally tenable and gives promise of being permanently enhancing.

Certainly her deduction that Dickens's awareness of personal responsibility dates from that period coincident with the selection of his sister Fanny as a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music is creditable: it helps the young reader recognise Dickens's altruistic motivation, a motivation too often overlooked in the complex by the writer of adult biography.

The remainder of her pages, those dealing with the adult life of Dickens—admittedly more difficult to adapt to her special

[1] CHARLES DICKENS, HIS LIFE by Catherine Owens Peare, illustrated by Douglas Gorsline. Henry Holt & Company, New York 114 pp. $2.75

audience—contain frequent reference to Dickens's children as children, Dickens's love of home (Miss Peare suggests that the Cratchits are Dickens's ideal family whose portrait owes much to C.D.'s recollections of the happy Chatham days), even as the separation is handled simply with a declaration of the fact of incompatability and the affair Ternan is not recalled. A connecting thread to the first part is supplied by the spot-lighting of the final and inevitable acquisition of Gad's Hill Place as a fulfilment of the childhood aspiration.

Indeed, within the scope and goal the authoress has set for herself, there is not much that one would criticise. But there are irritating examples of a gratuitous substitution of fancy for fact as in her explanation of the winding up of *Household Words* because it was falling off in popularity, to avoid disturbing the sugar coating on the cake. The illustrations by Mr Gosline, although not really similar to those of Cruikshank (contrary to what the book-jacket blurb would have us believe) are, with the exception of a failure to even approximate the representation of a believable Gad's Hill Place, a happy blending of modern and traditional.

N. C. Peyrouton.

DICKENS AND THE NAMING OF SAM WELLER

By Harry Stone

ONE striking feature of Dickens's work is the attention he gave to naming his characters. Each reader can make a list of felicitous Dickensian names which enhance the characters they identify: Scrooge, Twemlow, Bumble, Wititterly, and Gride immediately come to mind. Other names are less subtle in their evocativeness. Some are unabashedly descriptive: Gradgrind, Slyme, Veneering, Dedlock, and Cheeryble for example. In still other instances (especially in his early works) he used the partially disguised names of well-known persons: in *Sketches by Boz* his actor-manager friend John Pritt Harley probably inspired the name " Harleigh ", in *Oliver Twist* the notorious police magistrate Mr. Laing became " Mr. Fang ", and in *Pickwick* Judge Gaselee [Gaze-lee] was transmuted into " Justice Stareleigh ".

Dickens thought long about his characters' names, and frequently modified a name until it carried just the connotations he desired. His manuscripts show that he toyed with Harden, Murdle, and Murden before he hit upon Murdstone; that he played with the too representational name of Flighty before calling his daft, bird-like, bird-loving Chancery victim Miss Flite; that he juggled with Miss Croodledey, Miss Croodledy, and Miss Croodlejeux before settling upon Miss Mowcher; and that he went through Sweezleden, Sweezleback, Sweezlewag, Chuzzletoe, Chuzzleboy, Chubblewig, and Chuzzlewig before coming to Chuzzlewit. Dickens was not likely to forget a name which struck his fancy or called up meaningful associations. In his later years

he kept great lists of unusual names culled from Privy Council Educational Reports and other unexpected sources, and his latter-day works contain dozens of names taken from such lists: Plornish, Magwitch, Wegg, Gargery, Podsnap, and Dorrit are just a few.

But hundreds of names fit no ideogram, echo no well-known person, and emerge from no list. Nevertheless, such names can sometimes be traced to specific sources; and they occasionally provide glimpses into the matrix of Dickens's invention. The genesis of Sam Weller's name, for instance—a genesis which has never before been completely traced—demonstrates the way in which Dickens combined disparate areas of his life and blended them into his work. Samuel Weller, strangely enough, received his name as a result of a nursemaid, a law office, and an edition of Shakespeare.

Dickens's nurse during his Chatham years (1817-22, when he was five through ten) was a young local girl named Mary Weller. (In *Pickwick*, Sam marries a servant named Mary, thus creating another Mary Weller.) The Weller name, though not a common one, was fairly well known around Chatham, and as a boy Dickens must have come across it in a variety of contexts. There was, for example, a Weller tombstone near the entrance to St. Mary's Church, Chatham—the church the Dickens family attended, and the one in which Dickens's sister Harriet, and brothers Frederick and Alfred were baptised. But Dickens had sufficient reason to remember the name Weller in the person of his nurse, for Mary Weller had a large budget of stories compounded of folklore, magic, and terror, and each night she delighted and petrified him with accounts of cannibalistic murderers, speaking rats that ate corpses, and supernatural tomcats that sucked the breath of unsuspecting children. Mary Weller was not content to let her horrific tales achieve their own effect. In the gathering dusk of a summer evening or the flickering candlelight of a winter night she would (as Dickens later recorded) begin her bedtime story of " Captain Murderer " or " Chips and the Devil " " by clawing the air with both hands, and uttering a long low hollow groan."[1] Yet Mary Weller was no monster. She tended Dickens carefully, sang soothing songs to him, and comforted him in the trials of childhood. Dickens forgot neither his nurse nor her tales. In 1860, recalling her stories, he wrote revealingly: " If we all knew our minds (in a more enlarged sense than the popular acceptation of that phrase), I suspect we should find our nurses responsible for most of the dark corners we are forced to go back to, against our wills " (*Ibid.*, p. 191). On another occasion, thinking of childhood and Mary Weller, he mused to Forster: " Which way did She go, when she died."[2] But Mary Weller had not yet gone either way. She survived Dickens by almost eighteen years and told stories about his Chatham childhood long after he was resting in Westminster Abbey.

The name Weller, therefore, was important enough to Dickens to come to his mind when, in his first novel, he wished to christen a young male servant. But the cognomen Weller did not enter

1 " Nurse's Stories," *The Uncommercial Traveller*, National Edition (London, 1907), XXX, 194.
2 John Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens*, ed. J. W. T. Ley (London, 1928), p. 2 n.

Pickwick directly from Chatham, it entered *via* a London law office and the British Museum; and in the course of that curious transit, the Chatham surname of Weller took on a new Christian name and became the *Pickwickian* appellation, Samuel Weller.

Dickens had become a clerk in the law offices of Ellis and Blackmore in 1827. There he once again encountered the now meaningful talisman of Weller. The name appeared in the petty-cash account book of the office—a book which Dickens himself kept (as his signature and handwriting attest) from January to March, 1828. But this was not the last time he was to see this unusual name. When he came upon it in the British Museum yet again, and in an even more unexpected context, he could hardly fail to ponder on the oddity of its recurrence or to remember its latest appearance. (Not its last appearance, however. In 1844, long after *Pickwick* (1836-37), he became infatuated for a time with teen-aged Christiana Weller, the mother-to-be of Alice Meynell; and his brother Frederick married Christiana's sister, Anna Weller.)

Dickens left Ellis and Blackmore late in November, 1828. Little more than a year later, on February 8th, 1830, the day after his eighteenth birthday, and the first day upon which he could legally exercise the privilege, he became a reader at the British Museum. Through long hours of study at the Museum, he hoped to fill the embarrassing gaps left by his haphazard schooling. This reading continued for five or six years—until he was well launched on his literary career. Yet almost nothing is known of what he read. The only specific evidence of his British Museum studies is supplied by six indents or call slips which have miraculously survived.[1] One of these rare indents, made out and signed by Dickens, shows that he asked for an edition of Shakespeare. His call-slip description of the edition ran as follows: "Shakespeare. Dramatic Works by Singer and life by C. Symmons 10 vol 12°. Chisw: 1826." When he received the volumes and turned to their elaborately engraved frontispieces and title pages, he must have been startled, for the colourless Singer of his indent had suddenly expanded into a name which recalled his early Chatham years and his more recent law-office days. There on the title pages, in the compelling dignity of print (and in unexpected consanguinity with Shakespeare) was the old name again, reborn now in the sounding guise of "Samuel Weller Singer, F.S.A."

Unfortunately, this indent (unlike some of the others) is dated with month and day only—"Nov. 8th." It is impossible to tell, therefore, whether Dickens retained this new version of a childhood name for months or years before using it, or whether he came upon it during his final days of British Museum studying—that is, immediately before Sam Weller's birth. In any case, when the out-of-the-way cognomen of his childhood nurse, metamorphosed now as Samuel Weller Singer, stared up at him unexpectedly in his British Museum reading, he had found the name (whether he realised it at that instant or not) for one of the most famous characters in English fiction.

1 These indents are reproduced in Frederic G. Kitton, *A Supplement to Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil* (London, 1890), facing p. 15.

CHARLES DICKENS AND *THE MAN IN THE MOON*

By Mary Edminson

In January, 1847, a monthly pocket Magazine appeared in opposition to *Punch*. It was called *The Man in the Moon* and was edited by Albert Smith and Angus B. Reach and ran for thirty numbers before failing in 1849. Although its last few numbers were very feeble, lacking a permanent editor and intelligent contributors, in its better days some interesting and amusing items were printed. Many of the squibs and attacks have lost point for a modern reader, but those which concerned Dickens do still have some interest and value. This in part arises from the sharp note of criticism demonstrated throughout, with the exception of the reception of *David Copperfield* which occasioned some delight to the reviewer writing in the twenty-fifth number. But in that same number a mock trial was held when *The Haunted Man* by Dickens was " found to be entirely unintelligible " and a warning was given to Dickens's " Splendid genius "—" Let it not be prostituted for the production of monstrous distorted, and diseased fancies, evidently not the pure, natural well-spring of his brain; but the forcible squeezings from its temporary dryness . . . " The sentence of that imaginary Court on Dickens for producing *The Haunted Man*, was that he should read the *Athenaeum* regularly for two months.

The comments on Dickens which appeared in *The Man in the Moon*, although sometimes crude in their humour, have an immediacy gained from the fact that they were made as the works discussed were being published for the first time. After the death of Dickens, critics of his work generally softened their attitude in the interests of good taste, but no such considerations were necessary for the anonymous contributors to *The Man in the Moon*. This can be seen in the irreverent *Inquest on the Late Master Paul Dombey*, which appeared in the March Number, following the publication on the 1st February, 1847, of Number Five of *Dombey and Son*. In that number little Paul dies, and the contributor to *The Man in the Moon* censures Dickens for killing off awkward characters when he no longer knew how to develop them. It is also interesting to see from the *Inquest* that Forster's influence on Dickens was well known even at such an early date. The writer of the *Requiem for Paul Dombey* also takes for granted a common knowledge of Abraham Hayward's warning in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1837, that Dickens " has risen like a rocket, and he will come down like the stick " unless he husbanded his creative resources with more care.

Dombey and Son as a subject for satirical comment was first referred to in the Second Number of the comic magazine when a " Literary " note appeared:

> " *Dombey and Son*, and *Dombey and Daughter*[1], being now in full swing, *Dombey and Twins* may be shortly looked for."

This was followed in Number Three with the long *Inquest*, and

[1] *Dombey and Daughter* was a pirated version of Dickens's novel.

in Number Fourteen by a parody of Dickens's style of writing, titled *Dombey and Son Finished*. Thackeray had written a series of similar parodies of English novelists for *Punch* which had appeared as *Punch's Prize Novelists* about this time, but he did not include Dickens among his subjects, having been advised against doing so. Although Dickens wrote to Thackeray—" . . . I was so strongly impressed by the absurdity and injustice of my being left out of those imitations, that I several times said at home here I would write to you and urge the merits of the case "—he did not feel such writing added to the dignity of the art of letters.[1] It is therefore unlikely that he would have welcomed the version given in *The Man in the Moon* to make good the deficiency in *Punch*.

The parody was printed in the February, 1848, Number, when sixteen numbers of *Dombey and Son*, as far as Chapter 51,[2] were available, for Number Seventeen would appear too late to be used by the parodist. With none of the concluding material open to the magazine contributor, it is interesting to note how far he has forecast the final winding up of the plot. Number Eighteen was not at this time written,[3] but there exists a possibility that some advance knowledge could have been obtained about Number Seventeen. Hablôt K. Browne, the illustrator of so much of Dickens's work, was listed under the name " Phiz " as one of the illustrators of *The Man in the Moon*, and he would have been in a position to give some information about the Number to be published for February. It seems probable, however, had this been the case, that some use would have been made of Dickens's great concluding chapter for Number Seventeen wherein Edith repudiates Carker. This represented a change of plan, worked out by Dickens only three weeks before going to press, and it seems unlikely that the comic writer knew of it. In *Dombey and Son Finished* Carker meets his deserved end by hanging and not through his destruction beneath the wheels of a railway engine. Some points have been foreseen such as Bunsby marrying Mrs. Macstinger and Dombey ending up a reformed character, and an attempt has been made to catch the general tone of a conclusion by Dickens, with the marrying-off and rewards for the many characters.

Dickens's manner of writing is savagely mocked in this parody. His love of bringing in the Genie of the Arabian Tales and his emphasis on sunlight and shadow is imitated. But perhaps the most cruel satire is written at the expense of Carker, and it led W. Harrison Ainsworth to write " Carker never dared to show his teeth once after the Man in the Moon."[4] This is not, in fact, strictly accurate, but it indicates the opinion of another author on the strength of the satire.

There is no evidence that Dickens read *The Man in the Moon*, and the following extracts from this little magazine are rescued

[1] Gordon N. Ray, *The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepiece Thackeray*, Harvard 1945-6, Vol. II, pp. 336-7. 9th January, 1848.

[2] John Butt and Kathleen Tillotson in *Dickens at Work*, London, 1957, give details of Dickens's plans and modifications for the conclusion.

[3] " I am in deep in Number 18 "—Dickens to Rev. E. Tagart, 17 February, 1848. *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, Nonesuch Edition, Vol. II, p. 71.

[4] S. M. Ellis, *William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends* (2 Vols.), London, 1911, p. 166.

from oblivion merely to provide a new perspective. Had Dickens read the papers he might have been led to modify and curb his mannerisms, but any changes in his later style of writing cannot be attributed to this magazine. Many readers might see in the unashamedly weeping members of his public, however, a representative contemporary reaction to the more harrowing passages in Dickens's novels. *The Man in the Moon* shows a more unsentimental attitude and indicates that for some readers "a clean pocket-handkerchief"[1] was not an essential prerequisite.

The Man in the Moon. Edited by Albert Smith and Agnus B. Reach with illustrations by "Phiz", Kenny Meadows, Hine, Nicholson, Thomas, A. Mayhew, Smythe, Cham, and others. London. January, 1847-9.
No. 3, *pp.* 155-9.

Inquest on the Late Master Paul Dombey

Perhaps no Inquest has ever had the interest of that held the other day before The Man in the Moon and a jury of highly respectable literary characters, at the Horns Tavern, to enquire into the death of Master Paul Dombey, of the well-known firm of Dombey and Son. The jury first proceeded to view the body, which they found to be in a state of premature decay.

On their return, the Coroner, after a few severe observations on the conduct of literary parents in adding to the surplus population of the republic of letters, without sufficiently calculating their means of supporting their offspring, proceeded at once with the enquiry.

The first witness called was:

Miss Jane Dickybird. Has known the deceased, Paul Dombey, from his earliest years—she begged pardon—from his earliest numbers . . . Was quite shocked at his death. Received the news by the last number. Did not quite understand that he was dead at first, the intimation was in such terribly fine writing . . . Thought the author of the dear child's existence very cruel—a nasty, sad, naughty man, for killing such a sweet poppet—of course he killed it. Fie for shame upon him. How could he be so wicked? Thought him an odious man. Has quite hated him ever since.

Mr. Scribbley Nibbs was the next witness. Was an author by trade—he meant profession . . . Has seen Paul Dombey—thought him a humbug—quite out of proportion—by no means naturally formed—a monster in fact. Considered his mind (if he had any), as affected. Did not think that he would have been good for anything had he grown up; did not see any useful part he could have filled. Thought he would have been very difficult to rear. Never expected that he would have lived. Had prophesied his death to everybody.

Cross-examined: Could point to nobody as having heard the prediction.

Examination in Chief Continued: Thought the character of Paul too bad to be endured long.

[1] "Get a clean pocket-handkerchief ready for the close of 'Copperfield' No. 3";—Dickens to Mark Lemon, 25th June, 1849. *Letters*, Nonesuch Edition, Vol. II, p. 157.

Cross-examined: It might have been too good to last long. Would not swear which. Had his own opinions.

At the suggestion of one of the jury, the parent of the child, Mr. Charles Dickens, was here put into the witness box. He was respectably dressed in mourning, but seemed to manifest little emotion.

The examination was continued by the Coroner.

Knew the deceased—rather ought to. Had been instrumental in bringing him into the world. Never had any definite notion of what to do with him. The child was very precocious. Thought precocity a very good thing for getting an effective chapter or two out of. Had once thought of making "Son" the agent of retribution on "Dombey." Abandoned the notion. Did not see his way in working it out. Considered that he had a right to do what he liked with his own. Took things as they came. Did not know what a chapter or a page might bring forth. When he had no more use for a personage, or did not know what to do with it, killed him off at once. It was very pathetic and very convenient.

Here Miss Dickybird fainted, and was carried out.

Had got his change out of Paul. Had been very much afraid of his growing troublesome on his (witness's) hands. Thought it best, on the whole, to get rid of him. If he was asked to name the disease of which Paul had expired, thought it was an attack of acute "don't-know-what-to-do-with-him-phobia." Had it not supervened, he would have suffered under, and probably succumbed, at last to a chronic affection, technically called "being-in-the-way-ism." These complaints were very prevalent in the literary world, and very fatal.

The jury retired, and having determined upon their decision by tossing up, returned the following verdict, through their foreman, John Forster, Esq.: "That the deceased had died through want of the common necessaries of literary life."

The Funeral

The mournful *cortège* started from the publishers, at a reasonable hour, in the following order, having been marshalled by the illustrious Shillybeer:

Detachment of Police
Carrying *Literary Gazettes* to Clear the Way

Literary Undertakers Warranted To Accomplish the Interment of Every New Work.	Circulating Library Keepers, Two and Two (Strewing Catalogues on the Ground, For Flowers).	Literary Undertakers Warranted To Accomplish the Interment of Every New Work.
Parliamentary Mutes, Warranted never to Speak to the Purpose.	A Street Band, Playing a Lively Air From one of Macfarren's Operas, As a Dead March.	Parliamentary Mutes Warranted never to Speak to the Purpose.

THE BODY

Borne by Four Virgins in White Robes, viz.:

Miss Niminy, Miss Piminy,
Miss Fiddle, Miss Faddle.

THE AUTHOR

Supported by

Members of the Examiner Clique. Bradbury and Evans. Members of the Examiner Clique.

The Celebrated and Talented
John Forster, Esq.,
Bearing the Author's Hatband,
and kept up by
Two Able-bodied Porters.

Penny a Liners — Literary Friends of the Deceased, Two and Two, The Rear brought up by BULWER and LYTTON SERGEANT TALFOURD — Penny a Liners

The whole closed by
A Body of Printer's Devils,
"Hallooing, and Singing of Anthems."

Upon the arrival of the procession at the place of interment, and after the melancholy duties had been paid to Paul (without robbing Peter), the following Requiem was chanted over the grave, by the Circulating Library Keepers—the production having been arranged and altered from the Coronach in the "Lady of the Lake," expressly for the occasion, by the celebrated and talented John Forster, Esq.

REQUIEM FOR PAUL DOMBEY

Thou art gone from our counter,
Thou art lost to our pocket,
Thou hast fallen, brief mounter,
Like stick of a rocket.
New numbers appearing,
Fresh interest may borrow;
But we go on "Oh dearing,
For Paul there's no morrow."

Tol de rol, etc.

The mind's eye of the peeper
Saw thy manhood in glory,
But the wits of one deeper
Hath cut short thy story.
A first volume may settle
The characters dreariest,
But to keep up thy mettle
Was none of the cheeriest.

Tol de rol, etc.

Sure point in a chapter,
Best pupil of Blimber,
Safe card for adapter,
How sound is thy slumber.
Like the froth on the porter,
The cat's penn'orth of liver,
The bomb from the mortar,
Thou art gone, and for ever!
Tol de rol, etc.

At the conclusion of the most musical, most mournful ceremony, the company returned to the domicile of the enterprising publishers, where, in solemn silence—nobody having anything to say for the deceased—was drunk "The memory of the late Master Paul Dombey; and may his early fate be a warning to parents with precocious children, and authors with unmanageable characters."

No. 14, *pp.* 60-67

Dombey and Son FINISHED
Part the Best and Last

Chapter I

It was ten o'clock. In the morning! The easterly sun came down bright upon busy streets and grimy thoroughfares, and quiet places in the far off country. It was eleven o'clock! In the morning! The sun lighted up city churches and the broad river, and shone into death chambers, in houses at the doors of which stood mutes. It was twelve o'clock! Noon! Broad, bright, unwinking noon! The sun gleamed on many roofs—and on market gardens in the suburbs, and on potato cans in the streets, and into the counting house of Dombey and Son.

The clerks worked noiselessly that day—almost breathlessly. Many pens scratched on the paper, and yet no word was spoken. For Carker was there! Carker the smooth, the oily—the velvetty—the sly.

The sun gleamed through the window-panes—it fell on Carker—and on Carker's teeth. And still it gleamed—still it sparkled after the glass door had noiselessly opened, and before Carker was seen standing the form—the stately—cold—wifeless—childless form of Mr. Dombey!

There was a long pause. You could have heard all the pens going in the outer office. A long pause—long—very—very long. Carker spoke first, and when he spoke he seemed all teeth—white—glistening teeth—like a shark of smooth tongue and oily address—accustomed to good society.

"Mr. Dombey—I delight to see you—I feel honoured—much honoured—deeply honoured—by this visit."

There was another pause—longer than the first—Oh, yes! much longer! Eight minutes longer!

And Mr. Dombey drew himself up—up! High! Higher! like the Genie in the Arabian Tales, till it appeared (to the eye of Perch which eye happened to be accidentally applied to the

keyhole)—that the top of Mr. Dombey's hat had touched—nay, lifted off the roof of the counting house of Dombey and Son.

"Ha!" said Mr. Dombey, and Perch being frightened fell backwards upon a nail, and the pens in the outer office stopped.

"Ha! ha!" said Mr. Dombey—"here—come here—all of you—and learn how to crush a viper."

MR. CARKER CONFRONTS DOMBEY.

The clerks came accordingly—thronging about the door—with white faces and clenched hands—excepting Robinson, who was of a merry turn of mind, and who said audibly, "Here's a lark."

Nobody saw anything of Carker but his teeth; yet from these teeth issued a hissing sound of "now."

Could it be? It could! It was! Four policeman sprung from under the table and held four staffs up to Mr. Dombey's nose!

"Now," said the Teeth, "remove that man."

The teeth spoke not—but they held up a board, a white painted board, such as may be seen at the doors of merchants' offices All started. For on the board was painted:

CARKER. LATE DOMBEY AND SON.

"Mine," hissed the Teeth. "Mine—all—mine, Dombey! Dombey! You have fallen! Dombey—you're a beggar! Dombey, here's a penny for you! Dombey—move on!"

A pause. Dombey as motionless as the figure-head of a stranded ship.

"You left me to manage your business—you did—I managed it—ha! ha! ha!—till I made it mine! mine! ha! ha! Take the penny, Dombey, take it, that's a good man, and go! go! go!"

"No!"

"No!"—was it an echo? More actors on the scene? Aye. More! More!

The old woman—the old woman and the handsome daughter! Edith's counterpart—Edith in rags—Edith an outcast—Edith—Edith—Still—Still, Edith.

Oh! how the Teeth chattered—the Teeth—they did—as the lightening of that outcast's eye flashed—and the cataract of that outcast's hair streamed, and the trumpet of that outcast's voice rang and re-echoed in God's sunshine.

"Forger—Felon—Murderer! Ha! ha! ha! The hour is come—it is!"

And the old crone screamed in chorus, " Felon !—it is ! "

And where was Carker ?

On the floor in a strong fit. Smitten—smitten—in his pride and his power. Smitten by the voice of the woman he had ruined—the woman he had tried to hang. Now it was her turn ! It was !

The policemen were gentle and not rough. They lifted the fallen man and took him away. Perch saw handcuffs on the manager's wrists.

Then the counting house was locked up and seals put upon the doors. A great crowd stood long opposite to it. In the midst, Mr. Perch found Dombey with Carker's penny still in his hand, and so led him away gently and gave him shelter at Ball's pond.

Chapter II

" Ding-a-dong -a-ding-dong-ding-dong-boum." Joy-bells-joy—for the wedding ! The wedding." Ha ! And at the Wooden Midshipman's ! Cap'en Cuttle was magnificent. He had had his hook polished with black lead, and looked himself as radiant as his hook—aye, as radiant as he did, when undressing the night before old Sol Gills tumbled into the garret through the skylight. Where had that old man been ! Where—indeed where ?

It was the question Cap'en Cuttle put—and in these terms.

" Whereby and awast—keep her head to the wind, and when kitched make a note on. Therefore—if so—say so—what's in the log ? Let dogs delight to bark and fight—for which see Dibdin—therefore—stand by it is—and that steady."

Thus solemnly adjured Gills spoke:

" Where I have been—and what I have been doing " the old man said, " is nothink to nobody."

Ding-dong-bell—ding-a-dong—a-ding-dong ! The wedding at the Wooden Midshipman ! It was on the very day, almost the very hour that the house of Dombey and Son was shut up, that the wedding party left the Wooden Midshipman . . . and Susan Nipper shedding tears indefatigably—and Wall'r and Florence.

The sun was in the heavens ! But lo ! through the stained glass, amid the saints and angels—gorgeous on that chancel window—fell its blessing light ! Walter Gay and his bride stood hoping in the sunshine !

" Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife ? "

" Of course—no—that is—oh dear—dear—I beg pardon—it's of no consequence—none in the least—don't mind me," ejaculated a voice from a dimly seen pew beneath the organ.

Thither repaired the Beadle full of wrath—and found the unhappy Toots fainting on a hassock. But the Game Chicken, advancing, doubled the Beadle up—carried off Mr. Toots—deposited him in a patent safety . . .

Chapter III

In a spacious room—sad Edith ! In a spacious room—richly furnished—but dum—dim—as her aching soul. Gorgeous curtains shut out the light—the blessed light ! It fell on all alike—that

day—on the infant in his cradle—on the dead man in his coffin. On the kennel—on the palace—on Dombey straying away from Ball's Pond—on Perch looking after him fruitlessly (in public houses). On Mr. and Mrs. Gay, and the Captain and Gills—all on the steamer's deck going to eat the marriage feast at a pleasant suburban tavern called the Red House, Battersea—on Toots in the patent safety—on Carker with the teeth, in a cell of Newgate. On all—on all! But on Mrs. Dombey. There, there was darkness—darkness in the air—darkness in the soul—darkness in the light! Dim—aching—lonely—alone! Alone! but for her fearful thoughts! Which haunted her! Spectres with rods and serpents! Gnawing in her soul—like unblessed things potent for evil and foul thoughts, and things accursed of man! Out—out—awful shadows! Suddenly a voice arose—cleaving the darkness . . .

CAPTAIN CUTTLE RESCUES DOMBEY.

"A full true and particular account of the harrest of Mister Carker of the 'ouse of Dombey and Son in the City on three distinct charges hof forgery perjury and murder all for the small charge of one halfpenny."

She fell on her knees. That erring woman . . .

Her head drooped—dropped until with a sudden clash the marble forehead smote the floor.

Still the shadows gathered round her! There was silence—but the low deep roar of humanity—the surges of the million-people city—spoke voiceless things in the summer air.

Listen to the music!

The shadows listened!

"Ding-a-dong-ding-dong." The echoes of the joy bells rung in the ears of the wedding party, even after they had got by steamer—as far as Hungerford. They were still there—lying close to the wooden pier—when there was a great outcry and a confusion, and many shouts of "He's in—he's in—a man in the river." But the Cap'en was all presence of mind. He saw the struggling form! and clambering down to the water by the paddle-wheel—with his hook—hooked it out. It was Dombey.

Chapter IV

Walter Gay is now the head of the old city house of Dombey and Son.

Carker was hanged; and the Charitable Grinder was transported for picking Joey Bagstock's pocket on the melancholy occasion.

Mr. Toots, under the tuition of the Game Chicken, set up for a

sporting character—took in twelve dozen copies of *Bell's Life* every week, and read them all one after the other.

The old woman and the handsome daughter are infrequent guests at the Mansion House—where they are usually charged with breaking from 35 to 89 panes of glass in the West London Union.

The Game Chicken espoused Mrs. Pipchin, and the young couple set up a public-house called the "Peruvian Mines," where Miss Tox is barmaid.

The Cap'en got a medal from the Humane Society for saving Dombey. He always carries it on his hook. Captain Bunsby married Mrs. Macstinger.

As for Dombey, he took to drinking at first—and then to being a church-rate martyr. He has since, however, become a reformed character, and is now a clerk in a saving's bank at 18*s*. a week. Occasionally, however, he and Perch have something comfortable together.

And what of Edith—erring, beauteous, haughty, impassioned Edith. She, too, was repentant. At first she officiated as a pew-opener at a very fashionable chapel. But here she was persecuted by Major Bagstock and Cousin Feenix—both of whom used to squeeze her hand when she showed them into pews. At length she retired from the world, and now gets up fine linen at Tooting.

As for Joey B. and Cousin Feenix they challenged each other with respect to Mrs. Dombey. Neither of them, however, appeared at the place of mortal combat, and neither has been seen nor heard of since.

Miss Edminson writes later: "With regard to the absence of evidence that Dickens read *The Man in the Moon*, Hesketh Pearson in his Biography of Dickens, Ldn., 1949, p. 272 and G. H. Ford in *Dickens and His Readers*, Princeton Univ. Press, 1955, p. 51 both suggest that Dickens left the Garrick Club because of the election of Albert Smith to the Club, as he was offended by this mockery in the *Man in the Moon*. He retired from the Club for the second time on 27th Dec., 1849 and apparently rejoined on 5th April, 1854. He was on good terms with Albert Smith before and after these dates, which would suggest that if indeed he had taken offence at the articles, the grudge was not permanent.

RECENT DICKENSIANA

"Charles Dickens and Appropriate Language," Randolph Quirk. *University of Durham Press.*

"Inspector Frank Dickens of the North West Mounted," John Manning. *Colorado Quarterly*, Summer Number.

"Dickens Educates his Sons," P. A. W. Collins. *Educational Review*, November.

"Charles Dickens in Whitstable 100 Years Ago." *Whitstable Times*, 5th December.

DICKENS IN DENMARK

In September last, Mr. Sydney Walton, C.B.E., M.A., B.Litt., our latest elected Vice-President, arranged through the Danish Embassy and the Dansk-Engelsk Selskab, for our Hon. Secretary to carry out a month's lecture tour on Dickens and the Dickens Fellowship, throughout Denmark. During that time, our enthusiastic Secretary gave 25 lecture recitals to most of the Danish/English Clubs, in various parts of the country, besides speaking to many of their schools, and made three thirty-minute recordings at the Danish Broadcasting House, for School Programmes.

It was with a feeling of great pride that I found myself privileged once more to be a Dickens ambassador, this time in Denmark. There was no real need to take Dickens into Denmark, because he is already there, in the hearts of these kindly people, who delight in the humour of our great novelist. Everywhere, I found the greatest kindness and was given the warmest of welcomes, equally in small country towns and in their larger ones, appropriately matched by constant sunshine.

In provincial districts I soon appreciated that it was necessary to go lightly and slowly with the dialect and the Weller accent. I soon became used to a quiet intent audience, concentrating on understanding this " strange " English to the full, punctuated by happy laughter, greeting the humour of the immortal characters. At the end of each lecture, I was never left in doubt that my audience had enjoyed every moment of it. I shall always prize the quiet kindliness of one tribute paid to me by a lady, after one of these evenings—" You are making so many people happy by this work you are doing."

Besides speaking to Clubs in the evening, I had the additional happiness of speaking at many of their schools, sometimes as many as three times in one morning, before leaving for my next stopping place. Not only did I speak at their Grammar Schools (Gymnasiums), but also at some in the Preliminary grade, and both to top and lower classes. In the lower classes, where English had not yet been studied seriously, with the aid of the teacher and the blackboard, giving them the Dickens names visually, I was able to " get across " the wonderful humour of Dickens, and happy laughter greeted my efforts at every level.

Mr. Micawber's advice, the teaching of Squeers, the inanities of Justice Stareleigh, and most of all the cheekiness of Sam Weller, getting the better of Sergeant Buzfuz, never failed to arouse peals of laughter. No need to go easy with the Weller cockneyisms here. I was asked by the school authorities to " lay them on in full "—the youngsters would understand them—and they did ! I found in their *Dickens Reader*, a book used in all the English classes, an excellent collection of excerpts—*Dotheboys Hall, Letter from Dickens, Bardell v. Pickwick,* Betty Higden's journey, Mr. Pecksniff, Mrs. Gamp at Anthony Chuzzlewit's funeral and the coroner's inquest from *Bleak House*, introducing Jo. Full and most helpful notes on pronunciation and meanings are provided at the end, with a brief life of Dickens and I feel

that we could do much worse than emulate this book in our own schools, where Dickens seems apt to be regarded as a stuffy, out-of-date subject to be avoided if possible.

My last school was Herlufsholm, at Naestved, in Southern Zealand, one of the two great public schools in Denmark and something equivalent to our Eton or Harrow. Here again Dickens was greeted as an old friend—not as an educational "chore." That reminds me of another tribute I greatly prize from one of the headmasters at whose school I had spoken—"If you can make people laugh, as you are doing, in another language, you may be sure that your work is successful."

It may be appropriate here to speak of the great kindness shown to me wherever I went, and the inevitable enthusiasm to ensure that I missed none of the local sights and treasures. Nor the beauties of the numerous journeys, by ferry, across islands, by train or by bus, then still more ferries across the bluest fjords and sounds one could ever wish to rest one's eyes upon. Castles, cathedrals, little village churches, museums, outdoor and indoor, like small towns—I am still trying to sort them out in my mind. These were the compensations for sometimes strenuous journeys every day, with speaking dates every night and schools sandwiched between.

What is the possibility of the branch the Fellowship had in Copenhagen, prior to the war, being revived? That is of course something that occupied my mind wherever I went. The enthusiasm, the interest and the love of Dickens is there. It only needs several people who are willing and able to give time to keep the branch running once it is formed. I have hopes that it will come in time and you may be sure I am keeping in close contact with those who are likely to help in this respect. Maybe, the ambition that we shall gather in Conference around the Little Mermaid at Copenhagen will be fulfilled. Who knows!

For my lecture in Copenhagen, Professor Bodelsen kindly took the Chair—a leading Danish/English professor from the University, who is an ardent Dickensian, and who has recently written and published a book on Dickens, which I am trying hard to persuade him to translate into English. I afterwards illustrated two of the Professor's Danish recordings for the radio, by appropriate excerpts from various books.

On my last morning in Copenhagen, in fact an hour before I left for England, I made, at the special request of the Danish Broadcasting Service, a further thirty-minute recording of the Pickwick Trial. I shall always remember the astonished face of the radio producer, through the glass panel of the studio, on finding that I was doing it without a script!

In summing up my journey, which covered all the principal islands, besides thoroughly combing the mainland, I can only say that I consider Dickens made a great omission in not visiting Denmark. He would have loved the country, but most of all he would have loved the people. He missed a great deal of pleasure in failing to return Hans Andersen's visit to England, and I am truly thankful that it fell to my lot to deputise for him.

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP DIARY

Branch Secretaries are invited to contribute copies of their syllabus.
London Meetings appear on page iii of cover.

Birmingham	Jan. 13th	"Medicine in Dickens." Prof. D. Hubble.
	Feb. 4th	Birthday Dinner.
	Mar. 9th	"The Lord Mayor's Parlour." N. Leaker.
	Apl. 7th-9th	Play: "Martin Chuzzlewit."
	,, 13	Annual General Meeting.
Blackburn	Jan. 7th	Papers by J. Stopford and Mrs. E. North.
	,, 21st	Papers by Miss A. Fecitt and Mrs. R. Gibson.
	Feb. 5th	Whist Drive.
	,, 18th	"Vanessa." Mrs. A. T. Starks.
	Mar. 3rd	Dinner.
	,, 17th	Papers by Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Astley Walsh.
	,, 22nd	Visit to Preston Branch.
	,, 31st	"What does the Panel think ?"
Blackpool	Jan. 7th	New Year Party.
	,, 14th	Amsterdam Conference Report.
	,, 28th	"Some Dickensian Discoveries." W. J. Piper.
	Feb. 11th	Birthday Dinner.
	,, 25th	Visit from B. Sc. & Lit. Soc.
	Mar. 10th	"Prisons." Miss A. Hargreaves.
	,, 24th	Members' Night.
	Apl. 21st	Annual General Meeting.
Cheltenham	Jan. 7th	"Dickens and his Children." J. Watson-Hildred.
	Feb. 6th	Birthday Dinner.
	Mar. 3rd or 10th	"The River Boat." H. A. Hallett.
	April 7th	A.G.M. Paper: Enid Barraclough.
Eastbourne	Jan. 1st	"Land of the Midnight Sun." R. Perry.
	,, 22nd	"Chelsea Col. of Phys. Ed." A. J. Bambra.
	Feb. 5th	Birthday Dinner.
	,, 19th	*Nicholas Nickleby*. Readers Circle.
	Mar. 4th	"Eastbourne." Leslie Bristow.
	,, 18th	"English in Schools." E. Tomlinson.
Hull	Jan. 8th	New Year Party.
	,, 29th	"Dickens and the Supernatural."
	Feb. 6th	Birthday Dinner.
	Mar. 4th	President's Evening.
	April 1st	Drama Evening.
Liverpool	Jan. 19th	"Good Humour—*Chuzzlewit*." Mrs. A. Tuke.
	Feb. 2nd	"Some Dickens Children." Mrs. Grierson.
	,, 13th	Birthday Dinner.
	,, 23rd	Amsterdam Conference Reports.
	Mar. 8th	"Beachcombing." Mr. Rex Grundy.
	,, 22nd	Play Reading. Mrs. D. Abbott.
	April 5th	Bring and Buy Sale.
	,, 19th	Annual General Meeting.
Manchester	Jan. 8th	"Lesser Known Dickens." M. R. Wilson.
	Feb. 6th	Birthday Luncheon.
	,, 19th	Amsterdam Conference Report.
	Mar. 11th	"Copyright Reserved." P. Genese and C. C. Heaton.
	,, 25th	"Coketown." W. Shercliff.
	April 2nd	N.W. Regional Group Conference.
	,, 8th	*Dombey and Son*: short papers.
	,, 29th	Annual General Meeting.
Nottingham	Jan. 2nd and 30th	Readings from *Our Mutual Friend*.
	,, 16th	"Fact and Fiction in Dickens." P. A. W. Collins.
	Feb. 6th	Birthday Dinner.
	,, 13th and 20th	Readings from *Our Mutual Friend*.
	Mar. 5th and 19th	Readings from *Our Mutual Friend*.
	April 2nd and 30th	Readings from *Our Mutual Friend*.

Plymouth	Jan. 16th	"Old Tims" Tea.
	Feb. 1st	Film, and Bring and Buy Sale.
	,, 13th	Birthday Dinner.
	Mar. 7th	Lit. and Mus. Ev. Mrs. Peardon and Miss Watson.
	April 4th	Lit. and Mus. Ev. Mrs. J. S. Roxburgh.
	,, 11th	Annual General Meeting.
Portsmouth	Jan. 5th	New Year Party.
	,, 21st	"Dickens and Tech. Ed." Rev. C. Foster.
	,, 26th	*American Notes, P. fr It.* A. C. Townsend.
	Feb. 6th	Birthday Dinner.
	,, 9th	Mock Auction. President's Evening.
	,, 23rd	Members' Reading and Reciting Comp.
	Mar. 8th	"Dickens in terms of Poetry." M. Fawsitt.
	,, 22nd	"If Dickens were here today." Rev. G. Foster.
	Apl. 12th	General Knowledge Quiz: Book of the Year.
	,, 26th	"The Portsmouth to London Road." J. Sturges.
Preston	Jan. 26th	"Some Reflections." Mrs. R. Newell.
	Feb. 9th	*The Uncommercial Traveller.* C. Olsen.
	,, 23rd	"Old Preston Newspapers." Mr. C. Heywood.
	Mar. 8th	Annual Dinner.
	,, 22nd	Visit from Blackburn Branch.
	April 5th	Social Evening.
	,, 26th	Annual General Meeting.
Rochester	Jan. 21st	"The Great Fire of Chatham." R. A. Scott.
	Feb. 6th	Birthday Party.
	,, 18th	A.G.M. and Members' Night.
	Mar. 17th	"Dickens and Schools." Mr. J. D. R. M. McVie.
	Apl. 21st	"Dickens's work as Editor." T. S. Lascelles.
Southend	Jan. 6th	Whist Drive.
	,, 16th	Annual Dinner and Dance.
	Feb. 3rd and Mar. 2nd	Whist Drives.
	Mar. 5th and Apl. 2nd	Dances.
	,, 16th	Reading Circle.
Wolver-hampton	Jan. 9th	Dickensian Novelty Evening. Mr. Willis and Mr. Scott.
	Feb. 13th	"Some Seafaring Characters." Mrs. Bacon.
	Mar. 12th	Bring and Buy Sale. Members' Evening.
	April 9th	Scenes from *Dombey and Son.*

CHANGES IN BRANCH SECRETARIES

	Newly appointed	*Retiring*
Hull	Mr. and Mrs. Harr	Mrs. Sleight
Redditch	Mrs. Treadgold	Miss K. Watson
Vancouver	Mrs. H. G. Pocock	Miss M. Frampton
Palos Verdes ...	Mrs. A. H. Prior	Mrs. Brooks Snelgrove
Pittsburgh	Miss Estelle Stewart	Miss W. M. Robinson

FRIENDS OF *THE DICKENSIAN*

Pittsburgh Branch: £11 0*s.* 0*d.*
Mr. N. C. Peyrouton, Mr. J. Tomlinson, Mr. and Mrs. L. White.

Obituary

Mrs. Mary Bondfield, President of the Liverpool Branch, Chairman of Conference, Amsterdam, 1959.

Mrs. Margaret Pennell Baldwin, first Secretary of the Toronto Branch in 1905.

Mrs. Violet Shaw, London.

"THE DICKENSIAN"

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1958

1957.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	1957.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£				£			
93	To Stock of Bound Volumes on Hand 31st December, 1957 ..		52 10 0	705	By Sales, including Subscriptions		656 7 5
4	,, Purchases		17 12 6	218	,, Sales—Back Numbers		268 8 6
505	,, Printing	483 18 3		83	,, Advertising Receipts		67 12 6
18	,, Blocks	46 12 8		—	,, Interest on Deposit Account		7 13 9
21	,, Binding	56 17 0		53	,, Stock of Bound Volumes on Hand, 31st December, 1958 ..		60 7 6
32	,, Postages on Magazine	68 14 2		—	,, Loss for Year		81 14 0
			656 2 1				
35	,, Rent	35 0 0					
246	,, Publishing and Clerical Assistance	259 5 11					
34	,, Stationery	34 14 6					
39	,, Sundry Postages and General Expenses ..	75 13 11					
11	,, Audit Fee	10 10 0					
			415 4 4				
4	,, Bad Debts	.. ..	.. ..				
—	,, Discounts	.. ..	14 9				
17	,, Net Profit for year	.. ..					
£1059			£1142 3 8	£1059			£1142 3 8

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1958

1957.	Liabilities.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	1957.	Assets.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	Creditors:			£			
137	The Dickens House	50 7 8		1569	Cash at Bank and in Hand		1173 2 7
7	Fellowship Branches	3 8 9			Debtors—		
242	Sundry	109 15 2			Fellowship Branches	75 7 8	
			163 11 7		Sundry	28 15 1	
	Reserve as at 31st December, 1957	839 13 2				104 2 9	
	Add Donations received during year (from Friends of *The Dickensian*)	101 6 3			*Less* Reserve for Returns	5 0 0	
840			940 19 5	80			99 2 9
174	Subscriptions Received in Advance	.. ..	176 18 11		Stock of Bound Volumes on Hand—		
	The Dickens Fellowship—			53	As certified by the Hon. Treasurer		60 7 6
	Current Account	132 16 11					
	Less Loss for year to 31st December, 1958 ..	81 14 0					
302			51 2 11				
£1702			£1332 12 10	£1702			£1332 12 10

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and relative Profit and Loss Account with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship relating to *The Dickensian* and we certify them to be in accordance therewith.

MORRIS, GREGORY & Co.,

THE REVIEW OF ENGLISH STUDIES

A Quarterly Journal of historical and critical studies in English literature and the English language, founded in 1925. Each issue contains articles, short notes, reviews of recent books, and a summary of periodical literature. The Editor is supported by an advisory panel of twenty distinguished scholars.

A New Series commenced with the volume for 1950.

Published in January, April, July and October.

Subscription (for four consecutive numbers) 45*s.*, *post free*. Single numbers 14*s. net.*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Amen House - London, E.C.4.

The Dickens Fellowship

LONDON MEETINGS

Jan. Sat. 16th. Morning Visit to National Portrait Gallery, with Lecture. Tickets (limited) from Dickens House. Lunch can be arranged.
Ramble: *Bleak House.* T. V. Brewer. Meet Temple Stn., Embankment, 2-15 p.m. No tickets required.
Thurs., 21st. Lecture: "Transport in Dickens's Day." T. S. Lascelles.

Feb. Mon. 8th. BIRTHDAY DINNER. Piccadilly Hotel. Tickets from Dickens House.
Fri. 19th. Lecture: "Mr. Wopsle and Miss Snevellicci." V. C. Clinton Baddeley.

Mar. Sat. 19th. Repeat Visit to National Portrait Gallery and *Bleak House* Ramble. Details as above.
Date to be arranged. Lecture: "An Indian Viewpoint on Dickens." Shiri T. Swaminathan. Send S.A.E. to Dickens House for date.

April Thurs. 28th. Annual General Meeting. Brains Trust.
Sat. 30th. Ramble to Hampstead and Keats House. Vernon Fielder. Meet Hampstead Underground Station, 2-30 p.m.

Meetings, unless otherwise stated, are held at Swedenborg Hall, 20-22 Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1, at 7 p.m., doors open at 6-30 p.m. Admission to Lectures and Rambles by Membership card. Friends may be introduced at a charge of 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Founded 6th October, 1902.

LIST OF BRANCHES WITH HON. SECRETARIES.

HEADQUARTERS: THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.
HOL. 2127.

Hon. Secretary: JOHN GREAVES, A.C.I.S. Hon. Treasurer: W. A. MACGREGOR, F.A.C.C.A.
Hon. Editor of *The Dickensian:* LESLIE C. STAPLES.

UNITED KINGDOM

BATH (No. **81**), 21-3-21.—W G. PIERCE, 66 Cameley Green, Tiverton-on-Avon.

BIRMINGHAM (No. **19**), 20-11-03.—Miss K. VENABLES, 334 Boldmere Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warks.

BLACKBURN (No. **107**), 11-10-28.—LEO. MASON, 124 Preston New Road.

BLACKPOOL (No. **92**), 16-2-23.—Mr. W. WILSON, 21 Grange Road, Layton.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (No. **124**), 1902.—C. W. DARLING, 208 Kellaway Avenue.

BROADSTAIRS (No. **130**), 22-10-37.—Miss G. WATERER, Dickens House, Broadstairs.

CHELTENHAM (No. **63**), 21-10-12.—Mrs. H. HAILING, Bradwell Lodge, Sandford Mill Road.

EASTBOURNE (No. **75**), 9-12-19.—C. G. VAUGHAN, 28 Upperton Gardens.

HULL (No. **34**), 19-10-05.—Mr. & Mrs. HARR, 67a Golf Links Road.

LIVERPOOL (No. **5**), 28-1-03.—Miss J. EDWARDS, 5 Sunny Bank, Bebington Cheshire.

LYTHAM ST. ANNES (No. **135**), 19-9-47.—Miss D. BURTON, Antley, Worsley Road, Andsell.

MANCHESTER (No. **4**), 27-1-03.—Miss M. CORNEY, 46 Alexandra Road South.

NOTTINGHAM (No. **9**), 6-3-03.—Mrs. MARY GILES, The Rectory, Wollaton.

PLYMOUTH (No. **46**), 16-11-07.—Miss VERA COCKS, 31 Mt. Gold Road, Lipson.

PORTSMOUTH (No. **137**), 11-2-03.—Miss PORTER, 104 Lawrence Road, Southsea.

PRESTON (No. **123**), 14-6-33.—Mr. W.D. FERRINS, Linden, Peddars Lane, Ashton on Ribble.

REDDITCH (No. **56**), 1-9-11.—Mrs. TREADGOLD, 33 Ipsley Street.

ROCHESTER (No. **13**), 26-5-03.—Mr. F. H. SEARS, 242 City Way.

SHEFFIELD (No. **23**), 22-4-04.—Mrs. J. MOXON, 50 Grove Avenue, Sheffield, 6.

SHREWSBURY (No. **14**), 12-10-03.—Mrs. H. M. CROCKITT, 24 Ashley Street.

SOUTHEND AND DISTRICT (No. **54**), 11-7-10.—Mrs. MADGE WITHERS, 20 Lime Ave., Leigh-on-Sea.

TEWKESBURY (No. **74**), 27-10-19.—L. G. MARSTON, Rosemead, 34 Barton Road.

WOLVERHAMPTON (No. **136**), 8-11-47.—Mrs. G. CONWAY, 123 Trysall Road.

HOLLAND

HAARLEM (No. **142**), 8-12-56.—Mr. NICO ANDRIESSEN, Van Hogendorpstr, 19.

ZWOLLE (No. **144**), 29-9:58.—Miss G. KEYZER Thorbeckegracht, 28.

AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE (No. **127**), 9-3-36.—Mr. G. ROWE, A.N.Z. Bank, 132 Waymouth Street.

BRISBANE (No. **83**), 24-6-21.—Mrs. R. P. BURROWS, 9th Floor, AMP Bldg., Edward Street.

MELBOURNE (No. **24**), 1-8-04.—Miss McMEEKIN, 2 Clendon Road, Armadale, Victoria, S.E.3.

SYDNEY (N.S.W.) (No. **64**), 19-12-12.—Mrs. L. BANNISTER, 1 The Strand, Rockdale.

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND (No. **99**), 1-8-26.—Miss B. WRIGH... 11 Galatea Terrace, Herne Bay.

CHRISTCHURCH (No. **117**), 3-10-31.—Miss F MORLAND, Gray's Road, Upper Fendalton.

DUNEDIN (No. **139**), 1-9-52.—Miss MAY THOMSC... 44 Leven Street.

WELLINGTON (No. **121**), 5-7-32.—Mrs. D. MACLEOD, 59 Kemp Street, Kilbirnie.

CANADA

EDMONTON (Alberta) (No. **100**), 1-3-27.—M... R. CALLENDER, 12711-118 Avenue.

MONTREAL (Que.) (No. **52**), 5-3-09.—Miss WHITE, 3439 Walkley Avenue.

TORONTO (Ont.) (No. **32**), 9-5-05.—Mrs. E. SCHATZ, 66 Lankin Blvd.

VANCOUVER (B.C.) (No. **84**), 15-9-21.—M... H. G. POCOCK, 955 West 10th Avenue.

VICTORIA (B.C.) (No. **113**), 3-1-31.—Mrs. D. WHITE, 86 Kingham Place.

WINNIPEG (Manitoba) (No. **25**), 3-10-04.—M... P. S. H. MURPHY, 59 Monck Avenue, Norwo...

SOUTH AFRICA

JOHANNESBURG (No. **145**), 18-2-59.—Mrs. PLATT, 1 Kilkenny Road, Parkview.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BLOOMINGTON (Indiana) (No. **140**), 14-10-07... Mrs. R. W. HYNMAN, 318 S. Henderson Str...

BOSTON (Mass.) (No. **73**), 7-2-19.—Mrs. MAR... C. RIPLEY, 141 Englewood Avenue, Brookli...

CALIFORNIA PICKWICK CLUB (No. 1... 2-4-38.—Mrs. EUNICE GRIFFITHS 5418 7th A... Los Angeles.

CHESTER (Pa.) (No. **22**), 4-1-04.—Mrs. Jo... O'BRIEN, 740 Irvington Road.

CHICAGO (Ill.) (No. **33**), 24-5-05.—Mrs. DAMA... W. BRADFORD, 6060 N. Paulina Street.

EVERETT (Wash.) (No. **82**), 7-4-21.—Mrs.... MILLESON, 4022 High Street.

HONOLULU (Hawaii) (No. **115**), 3-1-31.—M... HELEN TOPHAM, University of Hawaii.

KOKOMO (Ind.) (No. **143**), 5-10-57.—Mrs. E. BROOKING, 317 N. Armstrong Street.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) (No. **89**), 9-3-22.—M... J. H. STEIN, 8953 S. Ruthellen Avenue.

MADISON (Wis.) (No. **103**), 16-11-27.—Mrs. ... HAMMER, Route 1, Box 7.

MARINETTE (Wis.) (No. **108**), 6-4-29.—M... JACK WEST, 2125 Riverside Avenue.

MARYVILLE (Missouri (No. **133**), 3-7-43.—M... A. F. HARVEY, 722 North Fillmore St., Ma... ville, Mo., U.S.A.

NEW YORK CITY (N.Y.) (No. **29**), 1-4-05.—M... P. VALENTINE, 160 Columbia Heights, Brookl...

OAKLAND St., ALBERTS COLLEGE (No. 14... 2-10-54.—Rev. JOSEPH FULTON, P.P. St. Albe... College, 6172 Chabot Road, Oakland 18, Ca...

PALOS VERDES (Cal.) (No. **129**), 1-10-36.—M... A. H. PRIOR, 728 Via Somonte

PHILADELPHIA (Pa.) (No. **41**), 7-2-07.—Miss... HUNTER, 3507 Highland Avenue, Camden, N...

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) (No. **97**), 15-6-25.—M... E. STEWART, 4409 Helsnar Drive, Manroe...

SEATTLE (Wash.) (No. **126**), 7-2-21.—Mrs. B... NEWMAN, 1222 Summit Apt 403

SIERRA MADRE (Cal.) (No. 60), 7-2-12.—M... J. EARL GOSSARD, 625 Maripan Avenue.

WORCESTER (Mass.) (No. **119**), 26-1-32.—M... T. EARLE, Jnr., 132 Russell Street.

The dates following the Number of each Branch indicates the date on which it was founded.

Full particulars of the Fellowship and Forms of Membership can be obtained from any of the Secretaries.